POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

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FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

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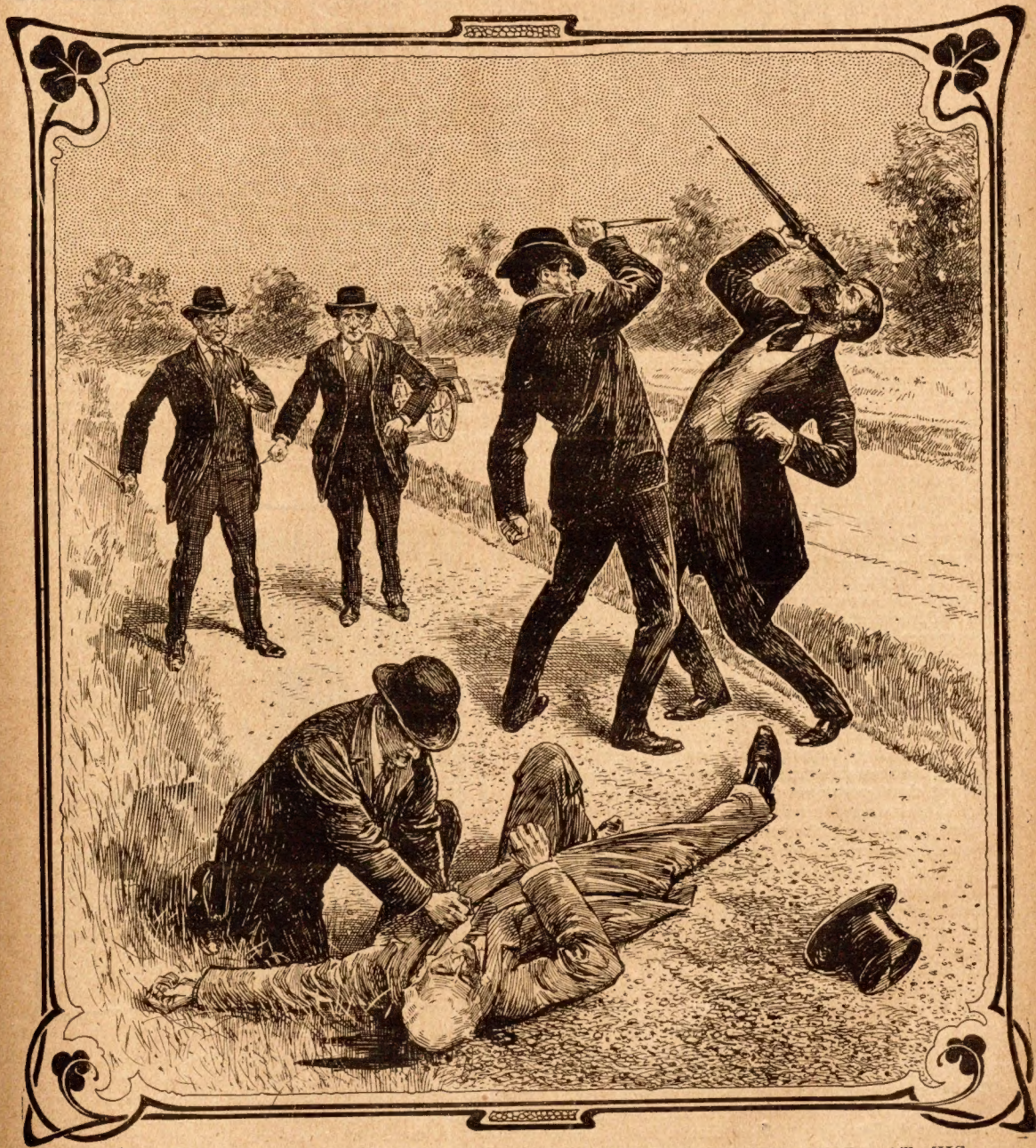
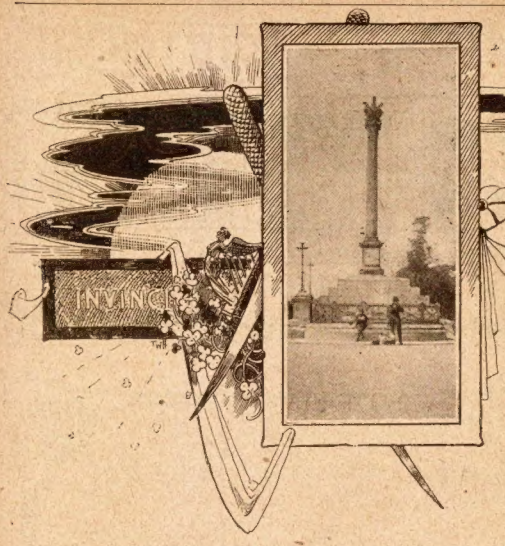


A DESPERATE STRUGGLE ENSUED, BRADY MAKING REPEATED STABS AT HIS OPPONENT.

Vol. IV.—No. 40.



THE TRAGEDY OF PHŒNIX PARK.

How the INVINCIBLES attempted to make war on Great Britain and Murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."
—SHAKESPEARE, "King John," Act V., Sc. 7.

CHAPTER I.

THE character of the Irish people is very complex. There is a something about it which is but slightly understood on this side of the Channel; a something which, if turned to good account, produces the deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice, the empire-making victories, the bloodless triumphs of the forum which ennoble the pages of British history, but which, if misdirected, has been the direct cause of several of the greatest tragedies which stand out as ugly blots in the annals of crime. It is with one of the most appalling of these outrages that we have here to do, but before we enter on the narrative of the crime, which shook the very foundations of the civilised world, let us hasten to say that the sentiments which inspired it were foreign to the majority of Irishmen, were never countenanced by the political leaders of the Emerald Isle, and were looked upon with detestation by almost every person professing the National or the Reformed Faith of Erin.

Patriotic fervour may lead Paddy to spout a good deal of nonsense, may even cause him to be carried out of the Mother of Parliaments, but it has never led him, as a nation, to countenance murder or to attempt to palliate it. However much one's political opinions may differ from those of the "Irish Party," one cannot but admit that they are honest, God-fearing men, who are striving for what they believe to be the actual good of their beloved country. It would be as well to accuse the Archbishop of Canterbury of a leaning towards homicide and arson as to lay charges of incendiarism and outrage at the doors of the politicians of the Sister Isle.

Having thus, we trust, shown that we have not the slightest ulterior motive in publishing the history of the terrible murders which shocked the whole of the world, we will at once set out on the story itself.

Prior to the end of the year 1881, Ireland had been very much agitated by the operations of the Land League, one of the most powerful political organisations which has ever risen up in modern times in opposition to a recognised government. Orators traversed the length and breadth of Erin, preaching resistance to their foreign rulers, and establishing a system of boycotting for the coercion of those who preferred to allow matters to run on in the way they were doing. Many of the speeches were of a most inflammatory nature, but it is certain that, had the leaders of the movement known what a firebrand they were lighting, they would have considerably restrained the ardour of their missionaries.

On the hot blood of the Irish peasants these speeches had a wonderful effect; like the Frenchman, Paddy is very susceptible to emotion, and a stirring speech will carry him away, and excite him to a pitch when he becomes positively dangerous. The peasantry were taught to believe that Ireland was on its last legs, and that the management of the Government was the direct cause of this terrible state of affairs; indeed, more than one speaker went so far as to assure the ignorant, illiterate labourers that the terrible potato famine which had decimated the population some years before was a direct protest on the part of heaven against the holy land of St. Patrick being ground down beneath the heel of the hated Saxon. Many of those who were thus inspired with a deep hatred against the English as a race, though their dislike did not affect individuals, to whom they were always courteous, were absolutely ignorant, and thus easily led by those who possessed the rudiments of education—by those who were "scholards entoirely." In a few isolated instances the Roman Catholic priests added the weight of their authority to the arguments of the revolutionary speakers, turning a whole village into a hot-bed of rebellion; but, to their credit be it said, the majority of the clergy were strongly opposed to the teaching of the "reformers," and all the mutinous and seditious proceedings had to be strictly concealed from the "Soggarth," for though the people were acting in direct opposition to the teaching and precepts of their pastors and creed, they still loved their Church, and held her representatives in deep reverence, if not in awe.

41, York Street, where the Invincible Society was formed.

Besides the Land League, which, after all, was fairly respectable in its operations, there was the Irish Republican Brotherhood, a band of rank revolutionists, strongly sympa-

thising with the Fenians. They were the black sheep of the malcontents, and, as their name implies, aimed at the overthrow of the Government, a measure that was never contemplated by the Land League. In fact, they were rebels pure and simple. From this band of men sprang the dreaded Invincibles.

James Mullett.

The conception of the Invincibles took place in December, 1881, the parents being a small band of the most progressive Irish Republican Brothers. These precious scoundrels devised a plot which commenced with murder and ended with murder. But, being "scholards," they knew full well that murder will out, and that a rope and a six foot drop is the reward of those who wittingly take life. Accordingly, they became anxious to secure their object without incurring the risks which beset the path of the murderer. To this end they looked about them and soon found the kind of men suited to their purpose. It would never do for the real movers in the plot to be in actual contact with the conspirators, so they managed judiciously to form their recruits into a band which was christened "The Invincibles." This organisation, begotten, as we have said, of sedition, was born at No. 41, York Street, Dublin, where the first committee was formed, the members of which were James Carey, Dan Curley, Edward McCaffrey, and James Mullett, who was chairman.

Each of these precious rascals added about ten members to the roll, so that when complete the Society of Invincibles numbered about forty-five members. Many of these never became of note, but the following list gives the principal personages who came into notoriety later on: Joe Brady, Michael Fagan, Jos. Dwyer, J. Hanlon, Peter Doyle, G. Smith, Henry Rolles, Dan Delaney, Bob Farrell, T. Martin, L. Hanlon, Tom Caffrey, Joe Smith, Tim Kelly, Pat Delaney, Kavanagh, James Fitzharris, Peter Carey, Maroney, Joe Mullett. Joe Mullett was a hunchback, and Tim Kelly but a lad.

The Society once formed, it was found advisable to have another place for meeting, and it was decided that the general meetings should take place at Wrenn's Tavern, in Dame Street, a small public-house directly opposite Lower Castle Yard. This tavern has since been changed and till lately was known as O'Brien's. For the secret meetings of the inner ring of the conspirators, Little's, in North King Street, was selected, and there it was that the most diabolical plots were hatched.

Before we continue to describe the doings and aims of the Invincibles, let us glance at the characters of the principal members of this nefarious society. Mullett, the chairman, was a thriving publican, a model of respectability, and the very last man one would suspect of having anything to do with such awful projects. Carey was a contractor and builder by trade, and was so much respected by his fellow townsmen that he was made a member of the Town Council of Dublin. McCaffrey had been a small shop-keeper. Kavanagh and Fitzharris (known as "Skin-the-Goat") were car-drivers, while Brady and the lad Kelly were in regular employment. All these men were Roman Catholics, and made a show of being very attentive to the duties of their Faith. All, one would imagine, were eminently respectable members of society, and should have been good citizens. They might have remained honest, hard-working men but for the machinations of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

These were the persons who met together at Wrenn's to plot—what? Nothing less than murder on a large scale, and, unfortunately, there is only too good reason to believe that they did more than plot, for, besides the two dreadful crimes which brought them into such notoriety, many others are laid at their door, though direct proof is not forthcoming; persons known to have been approached by the Invincibles and to have rejected their proposals vanished and were never heard of again. Secrecy is essential to the very existence of a murder society, and it is not to be wondered at that those who had sworn to murder should not have scrupled to remove from their path anybody who, having penetrated into their secrets, might be inclined to betray them to their enemies, the authorities. It is a significant fact that of the various disappearances which took place while the Invincibles were in existence there were few in which it could not be proved that the missing person was known to one or other of the sworn assassins.

At the outset the Invincibles intended to extend their operations to England, and several of the highest in the land were marked for slaughter, and there can be little doubt that they would have been hurried into their graves but for the fact that the terror of every Irish conspirator—the informer—made his appearance on the scene, and the authorities at Dublin Castle were warned in time to send information to Scotland Yard. Having done this, the officials at the Castle rested, feeling sure that nothing would come of the consultations of the Invincibles. So great was their sense of security that when a traitor to the cause came to the Castle and laid bare all the plans of the would-be murderers, without giving their names, the

The house where the Invincibles held general meetings.

Permanent Under-Secretary declared that the men might talk as they pleased, but not one of them would have the courage to commit a deed of violence, and he wrote a similar note across the report which was forwarded to him. The Invincible leaders, therefore, decided that their blind tools should confine their operations to their own country, and a number of prominent members of the Executive were added to the list of those who were to be slain.

Having decided in the abstract those who were to be

the victims of their vengeance, Carey and his confederates entered upon the question of weapons. At first it was suggested that revolvers are handy instruments, and can be used with great certainty, but it was pointed out that the report of firearms would assuredly call up the police,

Tavern in North King Street, where the Invincibles held their secret meetings.

so Carey proposed that knives, if long and sharp, were very effective, and had the advantage of making no noise. The would-be assassins then resolved that a certain number of long, keen surgical knives, of the kind used for amputating large limbs should be procured, as well as several revolvers, and a couple of Winchester repeating rifles, the firearms for use only when stress of circumstances demanded it.

This armoury was purchased in London through the medium of a broken-down Irish doctor, who had little difficulty in obtaining a dozen amputating knives, a like number of revolvers, and the rifles. Of course, it would never do for all these weapons to be despatched at one time to Ireland, for the Customs Officers might be suspicious, so it was arranged that a woman, who was in the confidence of the party should bring them across the Channel in her luggage, and she made several trips to the English metropolis for the purpose.

For several days the Invincibles revelled in the possession of the means with which they proposed to carry out their great scheme, and then it was seriously suggested that a start should be made.

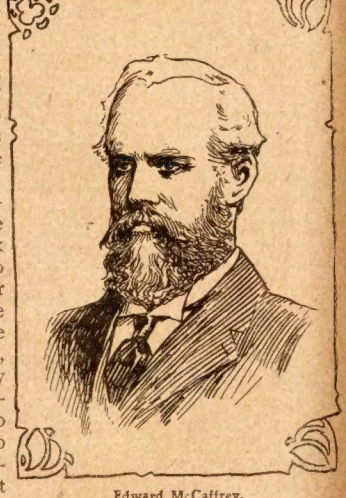
It must not be thought that the doings of the Invincibles were entirely hidden from the police. One astute officer had a fair knowledge of what was going on, having obtained his information from an informer, but when he made representations at headquarters he was snubbed and told that he had found a mare's nest. The entire attention of the Government was absorbed in fighting the Land League, and the Ministers were little inclined to pay attention to what they regarded as merely the vapourings of a few fanatics, who did not possess the courage or the ability to do serious harm, but who, in all probability, would make some small slip which would enable the police to lay them by the heels before they really matured any definite plot. If the advisers of the Viceroy had only known how near maturity the dreadful plot was, not one of them would have ventured outside the Castle precincts unless surrounded by a posse of military.

Then it was that the hidden leaders of the Invincibles, among whom was one P. J. Tynan, who was known as Invincible No. 1, or "The Captain," made choice of their first victim. The requisites were, the scapegoat must be a personage of some importance, he must be an official in such a position that his murder—execution, the ruffians preferred to call it—would show that he was slain for political reasons, and not for gain or for personal enmity, and he must be of easy access. No one fulfilled these conditions better than Mr. W. E. Forster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and one of the most staunch statesmen who has ever held that difficult position.

The order for his "execution" then was issued, and a party of scoundrels detailed to slay the intrepid old gentleman. Time after time he was warned by the police that his life was sought, but he only replied, "Threatened men live long," and refused any formal guard when he went abroad.

The Invincibles were excellent at plotting murder, but when it came to slaying, with every probability of being caught in the act, their brilliant schemes, somehow, seemed to fall flat, and the assassins returned to their committee rooms to report what they would have done if they had had the courage of which they so proudly boasted. At first two or three conspirators were thought sufficient to kill the Chief Secretary, knives being the weapons, but later the parties grew bigger, and the knife was abandoned for the revolver. On one occasion the villains had an old man posted at a window to point out the wanted man, while others were hidden in secluded spots ready to bring him down with a charge of buckshot or a pistol bullet, but the spy was paralysed with fright when Mr. Forster drew near, and again the murderous mission was unsuccessful. Daily the Secretary—"Buckshot Forster" was his nickname—was to be met in the streets of Dublin, and there is little doubt that he had many narrow escapes, but no definite attack was made on him. In all seventeen abortive attempts were made, and then the turn of the political wheel put him beyond the reach of those who sought his blood.

Affairs rendered it imperative that he should resign his position in Ireland, to make room for another who might be less obnoxious to the Land Leaguers, and Mr. Forster prepared to leave Ireland to tender his resignation. On the day of his departure the Invincibles prepared to give him a send off—to another world—and to that end twenty of them waited on the platform of the Westland Row Station, intending to shoot or stab him as he was entering the train. Unconscious of the honour prepared for him, the Chief Secretary took an early train to Kingstown in order to dine with the members of the Yacht Club there, and the twenty "patriots" had perforce to return to North King Street to enlighten their comrades as to what they had intended to do if Fate had been propitious.



Edward McCaffrey.

Foiled in their attempt to get rid of the Chief Secretary, the hidden leaders had to make choice of another prospective victim, preferably one of the "Castle Rats," on whom to vent their insane revenge. Why not wait for a little and see

whether affairs would improve under the new régime? you will ask. Well, the Invincible leaders were in rather an awkward position. They were drawing large supplies of money from idiots who thought that they were benefiting their country, and with this money the chief conspirators were living

on the fat of the land. Several hints had been thrown out that a large supply of funds had been forthcoming, but that the fountain of gold would be dried up if something definite was not done. The most patriotic of the fanatic Irish Party—those who plotted in secret, getting others to do their work—objected to paying money for other people's horses and dinner parties. What was practically an ultimatum then reached the chiefs of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and those "gentlemen" saw that they must coerce their tools to kill somebody, or the natty jaunting cars, the fine apartments, the houses which they had purchased with the subscribers' money, must be given up, and they might be accused of misusing trust funds.

The "noble patriots," who objected to committing murder themselves, and preferred to let others take the risk under their own directions, did not shrink from theft, from lying, from forgery, from anything but the gallows and poverty. To save themselves from poverty, then, the movers of the Invincible conspiracy determined to slay a "Castle Rat," and the one who was selected to be hurried into eternity was Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, the Permanent Under-Secretary, the very man who had said that they were not to be feared.

Mr. Burke was an old and well-tried servant of the Crown, who had worked his way up to the high position which he held. He could harm no one; of the conspirators, only one knew him by sight; he was merely the head of a department, and not an executive officer. He had no actual power to send anybody to prison nor to release anyone, to evict recalcitrant tenants nor to restore their homes to them. In fact, he was powerful only on paper, and in authority only over his own staff. In character he was a most amiable man, beloved by all who knew him personally; in his dealings with his subordinates he was considerate and kind, and no person could say a bad word against him. This was the man whom the Invincibles sought to destroy, simply because they wanted more money for themselves.

Of the subordinate Invincibles—those who actually committed the murders, and, incidentally, paid the penalty for them—not one had the least idea why they killed, save that they were obeying orders received from those whom they did not know. Carey, the most literate of them, said that they wanted to "make history," but when he was pressed as to what they hoped to gain by their terrible crimes, he could only repeat the parrot phrase which had been handed down to the misguided body of men by the real authors, who were skulking in their hiding-places, fearing lest they should suffer for the murders which they had planned.

The fiat having gone forth that Mr. Burke was to meet the fate which Mr. Forster had escaped, it was transmitted, via North King Street, to Wrenn's Tavern, from the committee rooms, where the hidden ghouls schemed and plotted and stole the money of their misguided dupes. A meeting of the members was called, and it was decided to draw lots for those who were to do the awful deed. The experience which the committee had gained in the matter of the numerous attempts on the life of Mr. Forster had shown Mullett, Carey, McCaffrey, and Curley that some of the most boastful of their recruits were really of little use when it came to killing, and there can be little doubt that the ballot box was ingeniously manœuvred to give the votes to the men of the proper kidney. It must be remembered that Carey, at least, and probably all the other committeemen, had a stake in the funds, and they were just as anxious as their unknown masters that cash should be obtained.

The votes were taken, and the lots fell on Joe Brady, Tim Kelly, Pat Delaney, and Tom Caffrey. These four, then, were ordered to take the principal part in the murder of an unoffending old gentleman. Others determined to "be in at the killing," to see that all was well, and to assist in the flight when the deed was done.

After the resignation of Mr. Forster, the Ministry selected Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish to fill the vacant office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Lord Frederick was the second son of the then Duke of Devonshire, and, therefore, brother of the present duke. He was born in 1836, and entered political life early. From the commencement of his

The Royal Oak, Park Gate Street; the last tavern the murderers called at before entering the Park.

career it was seen that he was a man of great ability. In 1859 he was private secretary to Lord Granville, and in 1865 he was returned as member for the West Riding of Yorkshire. He became a Lord of the Treasury in 1873-4, and in 1880 was appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

Besides a change of secretaries, there was also a change

of viceroys at the Castle, and it was arranged that Lord Frederick Cavendish should accompany his new chief, Earl Spencer, to Ireland. Viceroy and Chief Secretary agreed to meet at Euston Station and travel together to the scene of their fresh labours.

James Fitzharris.

Lord Frederick was rather a superstitious man, and as he was setting out for the railway station an empty hearse crossed in front of his carriage. This he took as an ill omen, and commented on it to his secretary, who was with him. A series of little mishaps on the road made him almost too late for the train, and it was only as the mail was moving off that the Chief Secretary for Ireland jumped into the carriage where the Lord Lieutenant was awaiting him. All through the journey he was depressed, and said that he was oppressed with a strange presentiment of coming trouble; but the genial Earl Spencer rallied him and tried to keep him from thinking of morbid things.

It was on the sixth of May, 1882, that Earl Spencer made his public entry into Dublin, the chief city of the land in which he was to represent his Sovereign. In his procession rode the new Chief Secretary, a personage almost more important in the eyes of the people than the Viceroy himself, for the smooth administration of justice depends enormously on the secretary. All agreed that Lord Frederick Cavendish looked a pleasant sort of gentleman, while the populace were loud in their praises of the Viceroy. The populace was enthusiastic, and everything seemed to point to a reign of prosperity.

The reception over, the new Viceroy was riding back to the Viceregal Lodge from the Castle, attended by his valet, when he passed a body of policemen in the Phœnix Park. The constables were chatting together, and the earl heard one of them say to his mate: "This is a great day for Ireland," to which the other replied: "I hope so, but it is not midnight yet." One is bound to wonder whether this officer had any inkling of what was about to take place, or whether it was merely habitual caution which dictated the sinister remark. Under any circumstances, the comment was fateful, for it was on that very day that the Invincibles had determined to slay the harmless Under-Secretary.

James Smith.

As is well-known to those who have spent any time in the City of Dublin, the Under-Secretary has an official residence in the Phœnix Park, about a mile from the main entrance, though, of course, his work is done in his office in the Castle. The Invincibles had studied the movements of the doomed man, and learnt that he was in the habit of walking from the Castle to his house if the weather was fine, and they decided to await him in the Park. The whole of the details of the business had been carefully thought out, and, in all, eleven of the rascals were under orders to attend in the Park in case of accidents. The leading four, who had been detailed to do the actual killing were to be driven on a car by Kavanagh, one of the members of the wicked Society.

While all Dublin was rejoicing over the triumphant entry of the Viceroy, and the crowds in the streets were making merry, Brady, Kelly, Delaney, and Caffrey were trying to fortify themselves for their horrid task by copious draughts of whisky. At last the moment came when they had to start to do their bloody work, and by then all three had had almost as much whisky as they could carry. In Palace Street they got into Kavanagh's car, and drove past the Castle. Thence they drove to Wood Quay, and crossed the Liffey, and proceeded along the quay to Park Gate Street, where they stopped for a few moments at the Royal Oak Tavern to take a final glass before entering the Park, which they did some five minutes later. The weapons which this party carried were long amputating knives.

Park Gate Street Gates.

The second contingent consisted of Dan Curley, Michael Fagan, and Joe Hanlon, who were driven in a cab by "Skin-the-Goat" (Fitzharris), and in case of necessity they had brought loaded revolvers with them. Carey and James Smith were already in the Park, keeping a look-out for the coming of the victim. Of the whole party the only one who knew Mr. Burke by sight was Smith. He was a workman at the Castle, and therefore was bound to be acquainted with the Under-Secretary.

There is something singularly tragic about this party of men setting out to slay a man whom they did not know, for a reason which they did not know. While we cannot but pity the blind obedience which they rendered to their superiors, we are bound to confess that, in spite of their protestations of piety, one and all must long have stifled the voice of conscience, or they would never have consented to the slaying of a man who had done no one any injury, and against whom the worst that could be said was that he had served his country faithfully. Surely the very spirit of obedience which these men brought with them should have made them admire the devotedness to duty of the man they had come to kill.

It had been arranged that Carey and Smith were to sit on the first bench beyond the Gough Monument, and that when Smith pointed out Mr. Burke, Carey was to give the signal for attack. The four principals remained in the car, and Kavanagh drove it slowly up and down the main road, followed closely by "Skin-the-Goat" and

his reserve forces, who were only to come up in case of need. No day could have been better selected for the fell deed; not a policeman was about, the Park was de-

serted, save for a cricket match which was going on some distance from the main drive, and the evening was just beginning to close in, for it was nearly seven o'clock. In silence the party waited, every moment getting more nervous, till it was about five minutes after seven. Then a car was seen to drive up to the Park gate, and a man alighted, dismissing this vehicle.

"That's Burke," said Smith to Carey.

"Which of 'em?" queried Carey, for the gentleman who had just alighted had stopped to speak to another who was walking on the pathway.

Joe Brady.

"Him that's afther getting down. The man in grey," replied Smith, and his work was done.

What had actually happened was this. As Mr. Burke reached the Park gate he recognised Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was returning on foot to his new residence in the Park, and wishing to be agreeable to the fresh arrival had alighted with the intention of walking home with him. After chatting for a moment or two near the gate the two secretaries started to walk up the drive.

On seeing Mr. Burke, Carey signalled to Kavanagh with his handkerchief and the car came up. As it passed the order was given to Brady, who was known as "Bull-dog Brady," on account of his great strength, and to whom the first attack was to be entrusted. "Mind the man in grey!" The second man never entered into their calculations, for he was a stranger to them all. Smith and Carey then set out across the park towards the Island Bridge Gate.

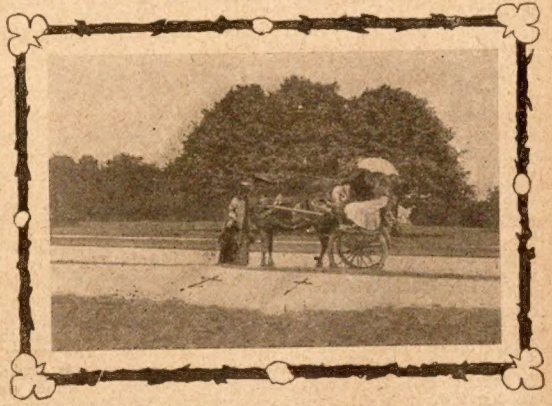
On receiving his instructions Brady immediately left the car, followed by his comrades, and advanced to meet Mr. Burke, who was walking on the inside of the path.

As he came up with him, Bulldog Brady stooped as if to tie his shoe. As Mr. Burke passed Brady sprang up and grasped him round the waist, swinging him round with great violence. The poor gentleman struggled for a little, Brady making violent stabs at him with the long knife which he had in his hand, till at last one terrific blow in the back pierced the heart, and the unfortunate Under-Secretary sank on the ground with a groan which the retreating Carey heard. As Burke lay on the ground Tim Kelly drew his knife across his throat to make certain that he was a corpse.

Timothy Kelly.

All this took but an instant to accomplish, but it was time enough for Lord Frederick Cavendish to attempt to defend his companion with his umbrella. Having finished with Mr. Burke, Brady turned his attention to Lord Frederick and grappled with him. A desperate struggle ensued, Brady making frantic stabs at his opponent, while the latter was getting fearfully slashed about by the keen surgical knife. At last Brady managed to get a thrust home just above the right collar bone, severing the large vessels there and causing death. Though both victims were much gashed about, in each case there was only one wound which was necessarily fatal, for Kelly, in cutting Mr. Burke's throat, managed to avoid the large arteries, veins, and the windpipe.

At the very moment when two of his most valued



The Scene of the Double Murder. The crosses indicate where the victims fell.

officers were being murdered Lord Spencer was standing at a window in the Viceregal Lodge, looking down the avenue of trees. He saw the scuffle and at once sent his secretary out to inquire what was the matter. It is also said that one of the military stationed at Dublin was a witness of the whole ghastly scene, but was so paralysed by fear that he

was unable to give any assistance, and when visited by the police some hours later, could give no clear account of what he had seen.

Their dreadful work done, the murderers ran to the spot where Kavanagh was awaiting them with the car, mounted it, and were rapidly driven off.

It was some hours before it was vaguely bruited abroad in Dublin that the new Secretary and the popular Mr. Burke had both been foully done to death in the Phœnix Park; few, however, knew of the awful tragedy, and it was not till the next morning, when, for the first time in the history of Irish journalism, Sunday editions were issued of the three leading Dublin papers, that the full horror of the crime was given to the public. One significant incident, however, was purposely omitted by the editors of the papers, and that was, that shortly after the tragedy a black-edged card had been dropped into each of their letter-boxes, bearing the significant words:

"THIS DEED WAS DONE BY THE IRISH INVINCIBLES."

He Carried the Joke Too Far.

On the 29th November, 1871, a man named Robert Wharton was tried at Northampton, before Mr. Baron Alderson, for stealing a pair of shoes. The case for the Crown had closed, and the prisoner being undefended, was thus addressed by the judge:

"Now, prisoner, is the time for you to say anything in your defence. Speak to those twelve gentlemen in the box. What have you to say as to those shoes?"

Prisoner: "My lord, I only took them by way of a joke."

Judge: "What, as a practical joke?"

Prisoner: "Yes, my lord."

Judge: "How far did you carry them?"

Prisoner (off his guard): "A mile and a-half, my lord."

Judge (to the jury). "I think that is carrying a joke too far. What do you say, gentlemen?"

Foreman (after consulting with the other jurymen): "Guilty, my lord."

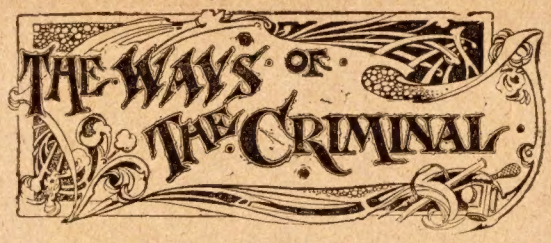
Judge (to prisoner): "Three months' imprisonment with hard labour."

Exit the joker.

His House not his Castle.

There is an old saying that "an Englishman's house is his castle," but it has, in practice, been found to be as fallacious as many other old sayings, which are flatly contradicted by still older sayings.

In the case of James Watkins, this was exemplified. The bailiffs had been watching his house for days, in order to get inside, and at last they espied an upper window slightly open. They immediately procured a ladder, and reared it up against the house, intending to enter by the open window and so reach the debtor. The daughter of the latter, however, discovered the stratagem, and of course tried to shut the window, and a struggle ensued, in the course of which the debtor himself came to his daughter's assistance. The struggle was continued, and in the mêlée a pane of glass was broken by the debtor. The bailiff, with great presence of mind, put his hand through the broken window, touched the debtor on the arm, at the same time saying, "You are my prisoner," and thereupon descended the ladder, broke open the front door of the house, seized his prisoner, and took him off to gaol. It was held by three judges, in the year 1858, and afterwards by five more, on appeal, that the bailiff was quite right, and was justified in what he did, some of the judges asserting that as it was proved that the bailiff had not broken the pane of glass, and as it was accidentally broken, he had a perfect right to avail himself of the opening, and to touch the debtor; and a touch was equivalent, in the eye of the law, to a legal and complete arrest.

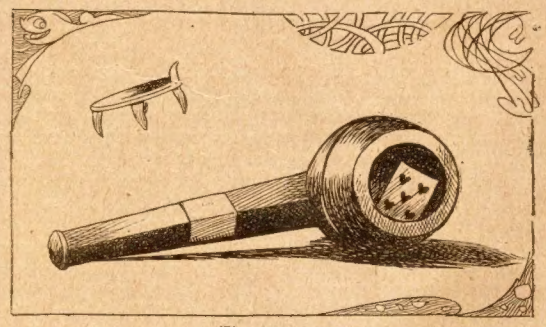


XXV.—SOME TRICKS OF GAMBLING SHARPS.

"THE fool and his money are soon parted." Particularly is this the case where gambling is concerned. But for the fools the hundreds of professional gamblers who nowadays gain a fat living, would either have to enter workhouses or else endeavour to gain an honest living by orthodox methods.

Everywhere the gambling sharp is to be found. We occasionally hear of a card scandal in a fashionable London club—the sensation a few years ago related to a cheating episode in a famous country house at which one of the guests was the "First Gentleman in Europe"—and there have been rumours recently of a similar disgraceful incident in the establishment of a well-known nobleman, whilst in the hells which abound in London and some of the provincial cities, and on the great liners which from year's end to year's end plough their way across the Atlantic, the men who gain their daily bread by the use of such nefarious devices as marked cards, loaded dice, faked roulette boards, etc., grow fat and periodically place considerable sums to the credit side of their banking account.

The writer has in his mind's eye a man who a couple of



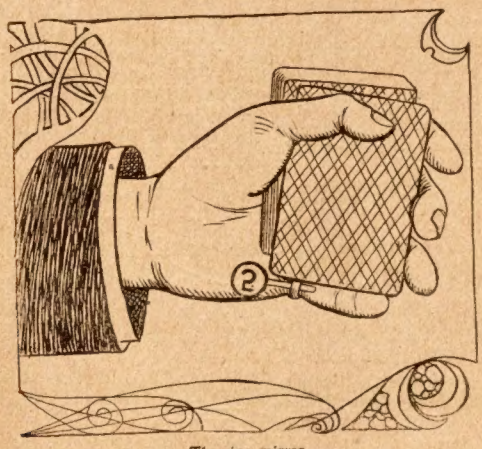
The pipe mirror.

years ago was an exceedingly prosperous London tradesman. He possessed four or five flourishing shops, a restaurant, and several public houses, and was clearing something between four and five thousand pounds a year. He was introduced at a night club, where baccarat was the favourite game. The first time he played he won £230. Next night he lost £380 (the figures are absolutely true), the next £165. Then he struck a winning vein, but for one night only, and afterwards, badly bitten with the gambling fever, he "went for the gloves." Some nights (but very rarely) he won—most nights he lost. First he sold one shop, then another. One night he had won £800 or a trifle over, but there was still some more money knocking about, and he played up his bank against a comparatively few score of pounds. He left the club as the morning was dawning owing over £1,200. Another shop went, and yet another, until all vanished into the pockets of the gambling sharps, and now our hero is tramping the country getting a living as best he can. Sometimes it runs to bread and butter; more often than not circumstances compel him to leave the butter out of his menu.

The story (we guarantee its truth) contains an obvious moral. Don't gamble, or, if you must, confine your stakes to nuts or farthings. If you do this, you won't go far wrong; but if you pit yourself against the shark, you can apply the story we have just told to yourself. The professional gambler lays himself out to win. He has at his hand a set of the most ingenious appliances to aid him in his efforts. He is as unscrupulous as a hungry tiger, and just as voracious, and as a rule he is a wonderful actor.

Like the hawk that he is, he sets out to look for a pigeon, and, having found one, never leaves him until he plucks him of everything he possesses.

His methods rarely differ. Having discovered a victim, he adroitly worms his way into the "mug's" friendship. Perhaps at the first few games of cards, or whatever gambling device is selected, the shark contrives to lose a little—a very little it may be remarked. Later on he commences to win, and having recouped himself, as well as having



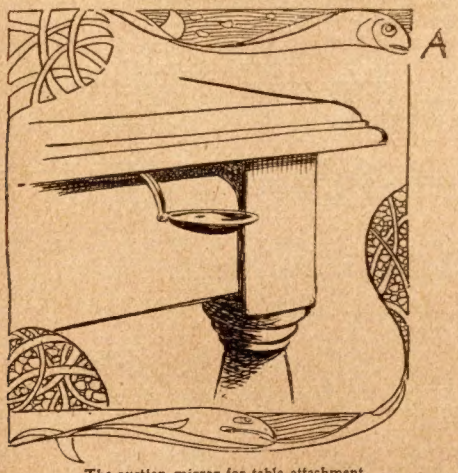
The ring mirror.

obtained some interest on his money, offers to give his victim his revenge. Needless to say, the money always flows one way—from the pockets of the pigeon to those of the hawk.

First of all we will deal with the apparatus of a professional gambler. Marked cards for many years have been his principal aid to success, but these will be dealt with in another article. "Hold-outs" or "bugs," concealed mirrors, and other artful devices have for many years been used by the daring shark with such success that some of them have been able to retire from the game with an ample fortune.

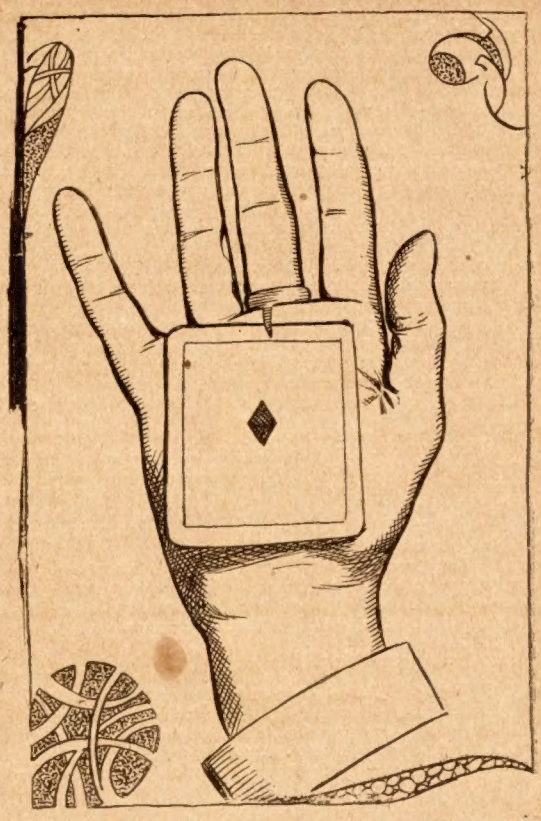
Of course, to win money as a card-sharper the gambler must know the cards held by his opponents, and to this end all sorts of devices have been used.

To attain this end artfully-contrived mirrors have played an important part. There are firms in the United States, and doubtless in places nearer London, only they do not advertise as do the people across the Atlantic, who do nothing else but manufacture appliances to assist the gambling sharp in his operations. One of these establishments turned out a mirror to fit into the bowl of the ordinary bull-dog pipe. The gambler



The suction mirror for table attachment.

who used the little implement laid the pipe on the table before him, with the mouth of the bowl, slightly uptilted owing to the shape of the pipe, facing him. When he dealt, each card was deftly thrown out to the players over the pipe, and the sharper was able to tell exactly what hands his opponents



The ring, with catch for holding cards.

held. It was thus easy for him to win; in fact, he had a "dead sure" thing on.

Another looking-glass was made to fix in a finger ring, of course, on the inside of the hand, where it lay snugly concealed. This looking-glass was on the principle of the magnifying shaving mirror, and the dealer who possessed one was able to read the denomination of every card as it left the pack. Our illustration shows exactly how this mirror was worked.

Still another reflector was made to be fixed to the table in front of the dealer, but out of sight below the ledge. It was however, a somewhat clumsy device, and quickly went out of fashion.

Mirror to fix on sharper's leg.

The articles just mentioned have been used in practically all card games where the dealer throws out the cards in the familiar fashion known to whist players. In baccarat, where the dealer does not hold the cards in his hand, and faro, where the cards are dealt from a box, the mirrors, of course, are useless.

But in these games, as in all others, "hold-outs" have for many years proved the tried friend of professional gamblers. "Hold-outs" are of many kinds. They range from the simple "bug" to an elaborate piece of machinery which is advertised to defy detection. Any of our readers who may happen to have a predilection for playing cards with perfect strangers, and marvel at their opponent's luck, may look out for these "hold-outs," and then they will know where the sharper keeps his "luck," and how he always manages to receive the best cards on the board.

As we have already said, there are scores of "hold-outs" in existence. The simplest, the bug, consists of a piece of indiarubber, which acts like a boy's sucker, and sticks on pressure to the underside of the leaf of the table, in which is

inserted a sharp but very fine pin. The sharper receives a couple of good cards which are useless to him in the hand he then holds, but are exceedingly valuable for future reference. With a deftness which does him credit (most card-sharpers are clever conjurors wasted) he manages to attach these cards to the pin, and then when the time comes, as smartly produces them to the discomfiture of his opponents.

Another of the bug type of "hold-out" consists of a finger ring in which there is inserted a small, fine pin. This, however, can only be used by sharpers who have a fairly large hand, and who can "palm" cards with wonderful precision. The latter of these instruments is shown in our illustration. Still another ring "hold-out" has a small spring-like piece of steel to hold the palmed cards.

A mirror with an elastic band for attaching to a player's leg is another device which is sometimes resorted to.

Now we come to the more elaborate "hold-outs," and it may not be out of place to quote a couple of advertisements describing these instruments which appear in the price lists of the firms which manufacture them in America.

Thus we get a description of the "elbow sleeve hold-out" as follows:

"This machine works in a false shirt sleeve the same as the others, but the motive power for running out the receiver is by bending the elbow. This is the finest machine for capping the deck there is made, as you can set it so as the cards will come out at the same time you wet your fingers, which is a very natural thing for you to do.

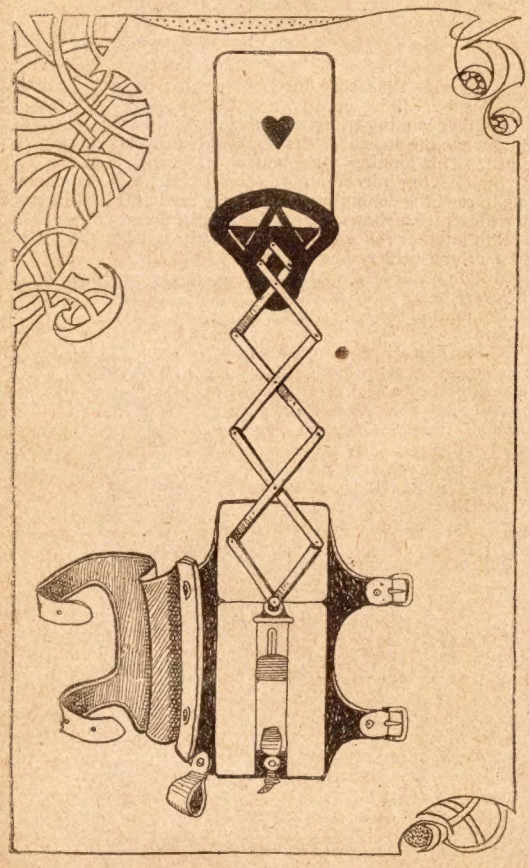
"There are three different motions to operate it. 'You only have to bend the elbow a little, and you can do so by raising hand, pulling hand back toward edge of table, or let hand rest on table and leaning forward.'"

Another is praised in this fashion:

"Here is the latest style and improved machine, and is impossible to be detected in working. No coupling up at the knee, and pressing the side or other false movements. When you want to take the cards or bring them back, you only have to make a slight movement that no one can see; no difference if they have played cards all their lives they will stand it.

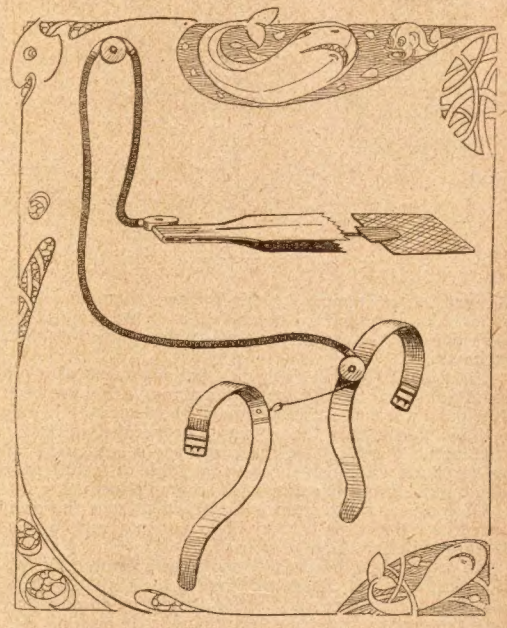
Price, Expansion Movement, only.....$90.00
With Knee Movement.....$65.00

"NOTE.—With this machine you can slip into a closet, put the machine on in a minute, and after you have won your money you can take it off in two seconds, slip it into your pocket, and appear again in your shirt sleeves. Nothing like it ever made before."



A sleeve "hold-out."

It will be noted from the illustration that these "hold-outs" are completely different in style. Both are used in the sleeve of the coat, but whilst the first is operated by bending the elbow, the second is set in working order by a movement of the foot. The "hold-outs" are used by the gambler to conceal cards of high denomination, and armed with one of these contrivances he can control the fortunes of the game as he thinks fit. He can let his opponent win now and again, or



Keplinger's "hold-out."

he can win himself at every hand. As will be seen from the illustrations, the implements are extremely ingenious.

The sleeve "hold-out" shown in our illustration was one of the first of its kind to come into general use.

There is a specimen now in Scotland Yard Black Museum which was captured from one of a gang of sharpers who came from the States to this country in the hope of doing "business." It is on the principle of the expanding hat-rack, and is fastened to the under side of the forearm. It can be worked either with a spring, by pressure of the arm on the table, or by means of cords and pulleys. The instrument is composed of two plates of thin metal, covered with fine cloth to prevent sound when the parts are working, to which is attached the hat-rack device. At the end of this is a clip for holding the cards, one of the sides of which is curved outwards slightly, so as to more securely grip whatever is thrust into it. A strong strap at the base, which is also curved to fit the arm, holds the instrument in position. When cords are used and this "hold-out" is operated by movements of the foot, the string runs on a series of pulleys up the sleeve and then inside the shirt, down the outside of the trousers to the foot, where it is firmly fixed. When the gambler wishes to secrete a card, a movement of the foot throws the clip out to his hand, the card is thrust in, and when the cords relax flies up the sleeve. If he wishes to use any of the concealed cards, a similar operation thrusts them into his hand.

The leg machine which we illustrate was the invention of one "Keplinger." It is a remarkably clever little instrument, and will be fully described next week, when we shall have more to say about "hold-outs," and also how Keplinger made a fortune by means of his invention. Also, incidentally, how the sharp was found out.

Joseph Fouché

DUKE OF OTRANTO, HEAD OF THE PARIS POLICE.

FEW of the great Frenchmen of his time possessed more influence with the Emperor Napoleon the First than the singular man whose name is given above. Few achieved greater fame at that critical and exciting period than the individual who, by his own prudence and abilities, rose to a splendid elevation in the councils of his great and imperial master. Elected a national representative, Fouché rose from dignity to dignity, becoming an ambassador, three times a minister, a senator, a duke, and one of the leading directors of State affairs.

Joseph Fouché was born of humble but respectable parents, his father being a ship owner, and he was at first destined for the sea. He was brought up among the Pères de l'Oratoire, and became a member of that college, and at the time of the first revolution he was prefect of the College of Nantes. He had contrived to form some acquaintance with Robespierre, and at last succeeded in securing the deadly enmity of that dangerous man by his defence of Verigniaud, a great orator, whom Robespierre had attacked with much violence. At this time the Revolution was at its height, and the latter malignantly brought certain charges against Fouché, accusing him of oppressing the patriots and favouring the aristocrats, for whom our hero had certainly displayed some sympathy. He was against the condemnation of numbers of men whose sole offence was their accident of birth, and tried hard to save many of them, in spite of his republican leanings, from the guillotine By order of Robespierre the future chief of the secret police was expelled from the Jacobins, and he even went so far as to demand his execution; but the National Assembly refused to gratify his sanguinary wishes, and his proposals for Fouché's extermination were negatived by a large majority. Shortly after this the fame of the young General Bonaparte began to attract the attention of men, and it would seem that from the very opening of the latter's career, Fouché had divined that the young Corsican was the rising star of his generation. In the astute man of affairs the brilliant soldier seems to have at once inspired an intense admiration and regard, and the former hastened to enlist his fortunes under Bonaparte's successful standard.

With the close of the reign of terror, Fouché succeeded in obtaining some shares in the contracts of the republican government, and, like Voltaire, he rapidly accumulated a fortune. But stirring events were at hand. In spite of brilliant victories abroad—with Napoleon master of the Rhine and conqueror of Italy—discontent was rife at home, and dissensions existed amongst all classes of politicians.

Napoleon then, by a master stroke, made himself controller of the destinies of France. On the 4th of September, 1794, a military movement placed the capital at the feet of the all-conquering Bonaparte, this bold movement being accomplished by his lieutenant, Augereau, expressly sent for the purpose. Ten directors, fifty-three deputies and a great number of printers and authors, who had perverted the public opinion, were expelled from France, and the new revolution had begun.

A few days later Fouché had his reward for his support of Napoleon, as he was made French ambassador to the Cisalpine Republic, which had arisen, phœnix-like, out of the ashes of the Little Corporal's conquests in Austria.

He was commissioned to set out for Milan, and spent some time there in his ambassadorial capacity; but he had secret and deadly enemies at work against him, and in no great length of time was compelled to fly and to take refuge once again in France, where he was paid a heavy indemnity for the loss of his post.

Political matters at home were still in a chaotic condition, Napoleon being away, pursuing his victorious career abroad; but with the sudden rise of Sieyès Fouché was again in the ascendant, and he was now appointed to the embassy in Holland. In this post he remained for some time, when Sieyès—who had seized the reins of government—perceived the necessity of forming the springs of a firm, active and secret system of police. The direction of the new body was offered to Fouché, who gladly accepted the position in exchange for his appointment in the Dutch capital.

As the chief of police, Fouché was at once a signal success. He proceeded to cleanse the Augean stable of the many useless and incapable parasites who clung to office, and to introduce many beneficial reforms and innovations. He put down insubordination, replenished the empty treasury, held out inducements to the most suitable men to join the police, and proved himself in every way an able and conscientious chief—one who held the welfare of his country as above all things and all possible rewards. He was resolved to restrain the unbridled licentiousness of the Press, and to this end he suppressed in one day eleven of the most popular journals circulating amongst the Jacobins and Royalists.

In the meanwhile the political horizon daily became more sombre; Italy was now lost to France, and Holland and Belgium seemed about to sever themselves from her control, while an Anglo-Russian expedition had landed in the north of

FOUCHE

Holland. The Royalists professed great alarm at the state of foreign affairs, and made these reverses a pretext for demanding the destruction of the Republic and the return to the old order of things.

But the sudden and unexpected return of Napoleon, who entered Paris shortly after the news of the victory at Massena, completely altered the aspect of affairs. He was everywhere greeted as a conqueror, and a Royalist attempt to procure his assassination having failed through the keen foresight and wisdom of Fouché, the latter received many fresh tokens of his master's favour.

Before long he was created Duke of Otranto, and exerted his influence with his master to procure the divorce of poor Josephine. But soon he was to lose the confidence of his now imperial protector, whose suspicions were aroused by discovering that Fouché was in secret communication with the Marquess of Wellesley, and his château was searched for papers likely to incriminate him.

He was disgraced; but with the fall of Napoleon and the advancement of Louis XVIII., he was again reinstated in his old position as chief of police.

After Napoleon's escape from Elba and defeat at Waterloo, Fouché was made head of the Provisional Government, and later died, full of honours, and leaving behind him the finest body of police that the world has possibly ever seen.

"Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle."
—BURKE, "On the French Revolution."

PART II

WHEN the people of London were made aware of the terrible plot which had been hatched against the King and his nobles, dismay smote the City. Business was entirely suspended, and persons went from one to another discussing the awful event. Not only were the approaches to all the Royal palaces guarded, but soldiers were stationed at the ends of all the principal streets, with orders to allow no one to pass who could not give an account of himself. All this frightened Rookwood and Kayes, and they determined to leave town as soon as possible. To avoid implicating one another, they went on horseback from their lodgings, but left London by separate gates, meeting again some three miles from the town gates. They travelled post-haste, covering more than thirty miles in two hours, and divesting themselves of their cloaks to lighten the burden for their horses.

While all this was going on in London, what was being done in Dunchurch, the actual headquarters of the conspiracy? Sir Everard Digby played his part well, and had collected a large company of the first gentry in the kingdom. The plea, as we have said, was a hunt on the adjoining moor, but that hunt never took place. On the 5th of November, when it was believed that the deed had been done, Digby and his colleagues, with the gentlemen whom he had collected, went to the house of Lady Catesby, at Ashby St. Legers, and there sat down to dinner. While they were dining, Catesby, Percy, the two Wrights, and Rookwood arrived, covered with dust, and much fatigued. The news they had to bring alarmed the whole party, for they all realised that the entire plot had failed. A conference was held, and without waiting for food, the entire party seized what arms they could and left for Dunchurch again.

Arrived there, they found a large and excited gathering of Catholic gentry, who had heard that a decisive blow was to be struck, but who were ignorant of the precise nature of the plot. The faces of the arch conspirators told the story, and one by one the guests left, fearing that they might be implicated in the fatal enterprise. It was clear that unless something desperate was done Catesby and his followers would be ruined. Accordingly, the leader devised the plan of rousing the West Country Catholics to arms, and waging war on the State.

They had to take prompt measures, and therefore left Dunchurch that very night. On the way they broke into the stable of a horse trainer and stole therefrom a number of animals, leaving their own jaded hacks in exchange. They then went to the house of a certain John Grant, at Norbrook, and thence Bates was despatched with a letter to Father Garnet, who was stopping only ten miles distant, informing the Provincial of the failure of the plot. Next day they went on to the estates of Mr. Talbot, who, they had been assured, would readily rise with all his tenantry and assist them in their project. But they had reckoned without their host, for Mr. Talbot, a member of one of the oldest houses in England, and heir presumptive to the Earldom of Shrewsbury, flatly refused to have anything to do with them, and sent them about their business at once.

One of Lord Windsor's seats at Whewell Grange was next attacked, and from it a large quantity of armour was taken, after which the insurgent party went on to Holbeach, where they lodged at the house of Stephen Littleton. By this time the enthusiasm of most of the members of the party was damped, and they were far from inclined to continue the campaign, trusting that their names had not been mentioned in connection with the affair. In one day alone over forty retainers deserted, and it was found necessary to place sentinels to shoot any who proposed to abandon the project. The unfortunate people were then in a desperate plight. None of the Roman Catholic gentry would have anything to do with them, but drove them from their doors, reproaching them with bringing ruin on the cause of religion by their ill-timed action; the common people shunned them, and in most of the villages evinced a strong inclination to oppose their progress, while dissensions in their own body bade fair to ruin the cause which they were fighting for.

Close on their heels followed Sir Richard Walsh, the Sheriff of Worcestershire, with his posse comitatus, and, seeing that there was little chance of flight, Catesby determined to make a stand at Holbeach, since the Government party was not nearly so well armed as the insurgents, though in numbers they were greater.

It was at Holbeach that one of the most disastrous accidents which occurred to the conspirators took place. A large quantity of powder had been brought on the previous day from the estate of Lord Windsor, in an open cart. The day had been showery, and the explosive had become wetted by the rain and by the water from the Stour, which was swollen at the ford. Catesby, Rookwood, and Grant were busy drying the powder on a platter over a brazier when a spark set fire to it, and a horrible explosion ensued. As luck would have it, no one was very seriously injured, though a bag full of powder was blown through the roof of the building in which the operation was being conducted, without exploding. This narrow escape from death by the very means which they had designed for the slaughter of the King was taken by the conspirators as a proof that God was displeased with them, and they at once turned to prayer and repentance. This sounds hypocritical, but it must be remembered that the leaders of the Gunpowder Plot were men who were imbued with the keenest love for the church of their ancestors, and implicitly believed that they were doing God service by killing the King and all the Protestant nobles.

The night after the explosion Robert Winter and Bates fled from Holbeach, in spite of the sentries who were guarding the camp. Stephen Littleton also left the party and returned to his own private dwelling.

About noon the sheriff and his men came up with the fugitives, and ordered them to lay down their arms in the King's name. They flatly refused to obey, and Sir Richard Walsh commanded that part of the house should be set on fire, and that an assault should be made on the gate of the courtyard. In crossing the yard Thomas Winter was shot by a bolt from a crossbow, and thus disabled. A moment or two afterwards both the Wrights were mortally wounded by shots from a musket, and then a chance bullet passed through Catesby and entered the body of Percy, who was standing behind him. Catesby died in about ten minutes, but Percy lingered till the following day, and then succumbed. The lucky soldier who fired the shot was rewarded with a pension of 2s. a day for life. A few minutes before his death Catesby declared that the whole idea of the plot was his, and that if any honour belonged to it, it was his by right, while at the same time he took all the blame for what he stigmatised as "his bloody treason against the King's Majesty."

Rookwood, who had been slightly burned by the powder explosion in the morning, was run through the body with a pike, and thus very severely injured he was easily taken prisoner. The "battle" lasted but a quarter of an hour, and then all who were at Holbeach were compelled to surrender, and were bound and conveyed to London.

As we have said, Robert Winter and Stephen Littleton had left Holbeach before the place was attacked by the sheriff and his men. They were well provided with money, and hoped to evade capture until they could reach the sea coast and escape to the Continent. For some little time they were secreted in a barn by a farmer, and later lay hidden in a barley mow for several days. Thence they went to Hagley House, where they were recognised by the cook of the establishment, who gave information to the runners, and so led to the capture of the fugitives. For this service the cook was rewarded with a pension for life. Both recusants were

loaded with chains and sent to the Tower. Littleton's brother Humphrey was arrested about the same time, and was sent to Worcester, where he was charged with misprision of treason in harbouring refugees from justice.

Tresham had absented himself from the consultation of his fellows for a week prior to the discovery of the plot, and had returned to his London house. The treatment accorded to him goes far to show that he was the actual cause of the revelation, for though the Government knew full well where he was, they abstained from arresting him at once. Then he was apprehended and taken to the Tower, where he died. Contemporary historians declare that Tresham's death was due to poison, but it is very doubtful whether the officials who had the conduct of affairs in their hands would have removed their best witness prior to his evidence being given.

True it is that he was examined before the Commissioners, but the information thus obtained could not be used in the Courts unless he was alive and able to confirm the same. His one idea, as expressed in his depositions, seems to have been to implicate as many other people as possible,

Bates was dispatched with a letter.

and at the same time to save his own miserable skin. He declared that from the first moment that the plot had been mentioned to him he had been strongly opposed to it, and had begged Catesby to desist from his treasonable enterprise, but that his counsels had been disregarded. Then he said that he had tried to get the scheme postponed, so that he might escape from it entirely, and not be implicated in such a bloodthirsty attempt against the life of the Sovereign. It was always his intention, he added, to give notice to the State concerning the plot, so that loss of life might be avoided.

A day or two after Tresham's examination the conspirators who were captured at Holbeach arrived at the Tower, and the Commissioners attempted to extract from them particulars of their treason. They refused to say anything about their own share in the matter at first, but eventually admitted that they had been guilty of plotting against the State. Their declarations implicated Garnet and Mounteagle in the mission to Spain at the end of the reign of Elizabeth.

Only an hour before he died Tresham dictated a letter to Lord Salisbury, in which he completely exonerated Garnet, and stated that he had not seen the Jesuit for more than sixteen years. This is known to be false, for the two were together only a day or two before Tresham's capture. Mrs. Tresham, bowed with grief at the loss of her husband, sent the affidavit to the Council, together with a letter, in which she said that sorrow prevented her from expressing her full feelings, but that she had promised to deliver the document to the Lords in Council, and begged them to accept it and believe it.

The Commissioners entered on their task of examining the prisoners with great gusto. Fawkes was had up before them time after time, and at last was put to the torture. The object of his examiners was to obtain from him the names of those who had been associated with him in the plot. At first Fawkes refused to give his proper name, but on being shown a letter to him which had been found in his pockets he admitted that he was Guido Fawkes, an English subject. He was then asked under whom he was working, and said that he had no master. It was next pointed out to him that while he was away from the Westminster house he must have left the key with someone, and he said that he had left it with his master. A day or two later he was informed that his employer had been questioned, and had confessed everything, whereupon Fawkes allowed that the house was taken in Percy's name. This falsehood on the part of the Commissioners has been attacked on many occasions, and we have no comment to make upon it here, beyond remarking that trickery of that kind would never be permitted in any court of law to-day.

To obtain further admissions from the wretched Fawkes he was taken into one of the underground cellars in the Tower. At one end of the apartment was a long table, covered with black cloth, at which sat three Commissioners. A surgeon and several burly gaolers were also present. He was asked whether he would disclose the names of all the confederates, and stoutly declared that he could not do so, as he had taken an oath to preserve secrecy concerning the entire matter. In a trice he was seized by the warders and his thumbs bound together. His arms were drawn over his head, and the miserable conspirator was fastened by his thumbs to a running cord which passed over a pulley. The rope was tightened until Fawkes hung suspended. The agony caused by this inhuman treatment made the perspiration pour from his forehead, but still he maintained silence. To extract some form of confession from him he was then drawn to the ceiling several times, and allowed to drop with a jerk, while his persecutors looked on with indifference. Still not a word could he be forced to say about his accomplices. His own share in the conspiracy he readily admitted, but the names of those who really were responsible for the attempt against the State he kept to himself. At length Sir William Waad, who was in charge of the prisoners, persuaded poor Fawkes to promise to declare all that he knew about the conspiracy to Lord Salisbury, on condition that his version of the transaction should not be reduced to writing. Waad appears to have been a man of little honour, for he wrote at once to the nobleman telling him of his success and remarking that once Fawkes had told all he knew, the application of sharper tortures would soon compel him to put his signature to the written version of his confession. Whether this declaration was ever actually made to Lord Salisbury is not known, but a day or two later Fawkes disclosed everything that he knew about the project and its founders, and signed a written transcript to his speech. The signature is weak and straggling, and there is no doubt that the rack and other forms of torture were applied to extort the sign manual of the bold Guy.

Bates was also put to the question when it was found that he was too loyal to his masters to disclose what he knew of the sanguinary plot. His admissions went far to implicate Garnet, and on the 15th of January a Royal Proclamation was issued declaring Garnet, Greenway, and Gerrard outlaws, and ordering any persons who knew of their whereabout to deliver them up to justice on pain of being themselves considered as traitors.

On the 27th of January, 1606, Robert Winter, Thomas Winter, Guido Fawkes, John Grant, Ambrose Rookwood, Robert Kayes, and Thomas Bates were brought to Westminster Hall, from the Tower, in a huge barge. A special Commission was appointed to try the prisoners, and they were all placed at the bar together. On the Bench sat six peers and six judges, to whom letters patent had been issued. The Queen and the Prince of Wales were present in the Court, and it is said that King James was also in the hall, anxious to see that judgment should be executed against those who had proved themselves his enemies.

The Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, was charged with the conduct of the case on behalf of the Crown, and he was really prompted by Lord Salisbury, who had sent him on the previous day a rough draft of the speech which he should make. The draft in the handwriting of the earl is still extant, and it shows how the Government tried to im-

plicate the priests in the plot as far as was possible. Mentioning one professed priest, Owen, who had played a very inconspicuous part in the mission to the King of Spain, Lord Salisbury wrote: "You must remember to lay Owen as foul in this as you can." And in another place he instructed the Attorney-General to attempt to make it clear that the harshness which James I. had shown towards the Catholics had nothing to do with the treason, and to that end told him to point out that negotiations had taken place with the Court of Madrid before James had in any way declared his policy in the matter of religious toleration.

Much to the surprise of the Commissioners, all the prisoners pleaded "Not Guilty," although in their private examinations they had all confessed that they were involved in the matter. The Lord Chief Justice remonstrated with them on this prevarication, but they maintained that while they admitted that they had been banded together to take the King's life, and to blow up the Houses of Parliament, there were certain charges in the indictments which were not true, and to which they could not assent. As far as they themselves were concerned, they acknowledged their guilt, but aspersions were cast on the characters of the priests—Garnet, Gerrard, and Greenway—which the traitors vowed were false and malignant, and to which they could not therefore subscribe.

Looked at by the light of modern trials, the indictment of the Gunpowder Plot principals seems strange. No witnesses of any kind were called. The Attorney-General made a long and laboured speech, in which he described the plot as "not only prodigious and unnatural in itself, but most monstrous in its conception and birth, as arising out of the dead ashes of former treasons." He then went back to all the petty treasons which had marred the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and detailed them at length, attempting to find some connection between them and the question then at issue. He spoke of the persecutions which the Protestants endured under the reign of Mary, and stretched his facts a little by saying that Elizabeth had only executed in all thirty priests and five harbourers of priests, as against the three hundred members of the Reformed religion which Mary had done to death. In this he was wrong, for the figures should be exactly reversed. However, considering the excited feeling of the time, the learned lawyer should not be blamed. He aimed solely at rhetorical effect, knowing full well that the condemnation of the prisoners was determined on before the trial took place.

When he had finished speaking, the written accounts of the private examinations of the various culprits were read, though it was not mentioned that in the cases of several of the accused these statements had been extracted by means of the rack. This being done, the jury at once found all the persons charged in the indictment guilty, and they were taken from the dock to await sentence later in the day.

THE LAST STAND AT HOLBEACH.

Sir Everard Digby was next arraigned, and charged with being connected with the treasonable proposals of the other prisoners. He pleaded guilty, but at the same time said that he had been led into the conspiracy solely by his friendship for Catesby, and not by any ambition or hope of gain. His one desire, he declared, was to further the interests of the Catholic religion, and the harsh treatment of his co-religionists had done much to determine him to cast in his lot with Fawkes and his colleagues. While admitting that what he had done deserved the severest punishment and the vilest death, he besought the Commissioners to limit the penalty to himself alone, and not to forfeit the family estates, and of the King's clemency he prayed that the mode of his execution might be that of beheading.

Sir Edward Coke attacked him vigorously, and remarked that it ill became Sir Everard to ask the King for mercy when he had confessed to plotting against the life of the

monarch. He had associated with ruffians, and he must expect to share their fate, and not to be honoured in the method of his punishment. The Attorney-General then launched out into a long quotation from the Psalms, which he thought specially applicable to the position of the self-confessed traitor.

The Attorney-General was followed by the Earl of Northampton, who wished to clear himself from any suspicion of complicity in the treason. The earl was a Roman Catholic, but for policy's sake he defended all the penal laws which had been made in the time of Elizabeth for the oppression of his fellow-Romanists. In all the trials connected with this conspiracy he was pushed forward by the Government party to show the common people that the Catholic nobility were in no way privy to the designs of the traitors.

Finally, the Earl of Salisbury delivered a long harangue in favour of Lord Mounteagle, whose conduct, he said, was loyal and praiseworthy. Then the Lord Chief Justice was asked to pass sentence on the convicted persons. All the prisoners

The execution of Guy Fawkes.

were brought back into court, and were placed at the bar, and the first judge of the realm pronounced the dreadful doom which in those days was meted out to traitors. They were condemned to be drawn from the Tower to the place of execution, and then to be hanged by the neck, but not until they were dead. Their living bodies were then to be cut down and disembowelled, and their heads separated from their trunks. The executioner was next to divide the bodies into four parts, which were to be tarred, and exhibited in such public places as the King might direct. The eight unhappy men heard the dreadful sentence without evincing the least discomposure, and were taken back to the Tower.

On the following Thursday morning Sir Edward Digby, Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates were placed on hurdles attached to horses, and slowly dragged to the western entrance of St. Paul's Cathedral, where a scaffold had been erected. At each door along the line of route stood a citizen armed with a halberd, and soldiers surrounded the doomed on their last journey. On the scaffold stood a huge gibbet, and beside it was an ordinary butcher's block and a brazier, over which a cauldron of pitch was boiling.

Bespattered with dirt, and faint from their painful passage from the Tower, the condemned men were unbound from the hurdles and ordered to ascend the platform.

Sir Everard Digby was told that he would be the first to suffer, and was asked if he wished to say anything to the crowd which had assembled to see the last sentence of the law carried out. The knight turned pale at the sight of the awful preparations, but soon overcame his feelings, and advanced to the front of the erection, and made his last speech. He said that he had been led into the enterprise by his conscience, and that from his point of view he had not committed a sin, but he acknowledged that he had broken the laws of the realm, and therefore was justly condemned. For his offence against the State he asked forgiveness, and prayed that the King might live long. One of the Protestant ministers came forward and offered to console him, but he refused his services, and said that he only asked for the suffrages of all Catholics present.

A few moments were allowed him for his devotions, and then the executioner came forward, and asked his pardon for what he was about to do. Sir Everard cheerfully replied that the man was but about to do his duty, and made him a small present. The sheriff's assistants at once proceeded to divest Digby of his coat, collar, and ruff. He was then told to mount the ladder, which he did with wonderful alacrity, and, as he reached the spot where he was to stand, exclaimed, "Jesus, receive my spirit." At that moment the hangman turned the ladder round, thus throwing the miserable traitor off. For a few minutes he was allowed to swing in the air, his body being convulsed horribly; the rope was then cut, and the half-dead body fell in a heap on the ground. Instantly the assistant executioners stripped the clothes from off the semi-conscious man, and the hangman plunged his knife into the chest of his victim, making a long incision from the neck to the navel. The intestines and heart were torn from the body, and Sir Everard Digby ceased to exist. But the bloody laws which then obtained were not satisfied; the corpse was thrown on to the block, and one blow of the cleaver struck off the head, which was held up to the admiring people. The limbs were severed from the body and dipped into the cauldron of boiling pitch, and again exhibited to the crowd. After this the malefactor's entrails were thrown on to the fire and allowed to burn.

Reeking with the blood of Digby, the executioner next approached Robert Winter, and told him that his hour had come. Winter bore himself bravely, but refused to make any speech. Again the horrid butchery was performed, and the assemblage looked on and gloated over the sufferings of their poor fellow-creature.

The remaining two culprits were subsequently put to death in like manner. On the following morning Thomas Winter, Guy Fawkes, Ambrose Rookwood, and Robert Kayes were led out to die. As the principal scene of Fawkes's misdeeds had been the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, it was decided that the conspirator should die within sight of the very place which he had proposed to destroy. Accordingly, all the four were placed on hurdles and pulled from the Tower, by way of the Strand, to the Palace Yard, where a scaffold had been prepared for them.

Winter was the first to suffer. He had little to say to the people beyond that he died a Catholic. Rookwood made a lengthy speech, admitting that he had done wrong in proposing to shed the blood of the King and of his nobles, and prayed the Sovereign to be good to his children and widow. Then came the turn of Kayes, and, last of all, Guy Fawkes was brought to the foot of the gallows.

Fawkes was so weak from torture and sickness that he could hardly mount the ladder, and had to be assisted by an extra executioner. He only addressed the people for a few moments, saying that he was sorry for his misdeeds, and was then turned off and left to hang. The exhausted state of his health told on him, and he was dead before the hangman cut him down and commenced his barbarous mutilations.

Having thus disposed of the active participators in the Gunpowder Plot, the Government turned its attention to discovering who were privy to it. Garnet, Gerrard, and Greenway they knew had a voice in the matter, though subsequent discoveries make it extremely improbable that either of the first two knew the horrible nature of the scheme to emancipate the Catholic Church. In the confessions of the condemned men the names of Owen and Baldwin appeared, and the English Government soon learnt that both these priests were in Flanders. Accordingly, overtures were made to the Archduke to seize them and send them over to London to be tried.

Spain was in those days the paramount power in the Low Countries, and the Archduke was loth to surrender the two priests without express permission from the Spanish monarch. This licence was not forthcoming, and in spite of threats, the English Government had to abandon the pursuit of the proscribed clerics.

As was natural, suspicion also fell on several peers who

were known to be friendly with the conspirators, and the first of these to be charged was the Earl of Northumberland. On the very day before the opening of Parliament, Percy had dined with his patron, and the Council suggested that he must have told Northumberland to absent himself from the Chamber on the following morning.

At first the earl was only confined to his own house, but as the facts of the notorious plot became known, it was thought better to send him to the Tower as a precaution. There he remained for six months before he was brought to trial, and then he was charged in the Star Chamber with misprision of treason. The whole of the proceedings were oral, and no record exists of the case, but the archives contain a mention of his sentence, which is sufficiently significant. For helping the Catholics, and for writing to Percy, the Earl of Northumberland was ordered to pay a fine of £30,000, to forfeit all the offices of state to which he had been appointed, and to be imprisoned in the Tower for life. In the end he was released, after being incarcerated for fifteen years.

Lords Montague, Mordaunt, and Stourton were also arrested and sent to the Tower. When they were brought before the Star Chamber for trial, Lord Montague compounded for a fine of £4,000, and Lord Stourton regained his liberty by paying a thousand pounds only. The case against the other nobleman was fully investigated, and his innocence clearly proved, so he was set free without any stain on his escutcheon.

The moment that the proclamation against Garnet, Greenway, and Gerrard was issued, Gerrard fled to the Continent. Greenway, however, believed that he was not known, and so disguised himself, and went to London, where he walked freely about. One day he was watching a crowd of people who were listening to the proclamation against him being read, when he was recognised by a bystander, who told him that he would have to come with him to the Council. Gerrard agreed, and went off in his company, but as soon as he got to a quiet street he knocked his captor down and made good his escape, and succeeded in reaching Flanders in safety.

Garnet was not nearly so successful. On the publication of the interdict pronounced against him, he retired to Hendlip Hall, close to Worcester. Hendlip Hall was well known as a favourite hiding place for priests, and almost every room in the large mansion was fitted with secret doors, and with recesses, into which a fugitive could creep. It was the property of the Abingdon family, many members of which had suffered at the hands of the Government for their adherence to the Roman Catholic religion.

Lord Salisbury soon got wind of the fact that Garnet was hiding at Hendlip, together with another priest of the name of Hall, and he sent to Sir Henry Bromley, one of the county magistrates, and instructed him to take an armed force and search the place. Minute directions were forwarded to Sir Henry, telling him where the secret chambers were supposed to be situated, and urging him not to overlook any spot, however unlikely, in prosecuting his quest.

Sir Henry Bromley went at once to Hendlip and laid siege to the place. His advent had been seen from the upper rooms of the building, and the priests had retired into their hiding places. A preliminary search showed the magistrate that he would never be able to discover all the private passages and apartments with which the entire house was honeycombed, and therefore he resolved to starve the priests until they gave themselves up. Mr. and Mrs. Abingdon were at home, and opposed the entrance of the magistrate's men, but Sir Henry insisted, and sent the owner of Hendlip to be confined at Worcester, while he placed a careful guard over Mrs. Abingdon.

A few days' starvation caused two fugitives to give themselves up. Bromley was much elated, and wrote to the Council saying that he had captured two people whom he did not doubt were Hall and Greenway. He was wrong, however, for the two who were caught were the servants of the Jesuits.

Further stimulus was given to the exertions of the priest-hunters by the revelations of Humphrey Littleton, who, to save his neck, told the authorities all he knew of Hendlip, and assured them that the men they wanted were concealed in the building. Seven days passed, and there seemed to be little hope of catching the slippery priests. On the eighth day, however, two woebegone men called for assistance, and were helped out of the hidden recess in which they had been concealed. The two were Garnet and Hall. In the little chamber, which was too small for a man to stand upright in, was found a quantity of provisions, while wine and soup was supplied to the inmates of the cell through a reed which passed into the bedroom of one of the ladies of the house.

The suddenness with which the place had been invested had prevented Garnet and his lieutenant, Hall, from clearing out the cupboard, and they were compelled by the foul air and by the fatigue which their cramped position caused, to surrender themselves.

The two Jesuits, with their servants, were brought by easy stages to London, and confined in the Tower. A certain amount of consideration was shown Garnet at first, on account of his position as Superior of the Jesuits in England, and the Lords of the Council had him frequently brought before them to discuss matters of religion. At first it was expressly ordered that torture should not be applied to Garnet, but his servant Owen was so cruelly racked that he committed suicide.

Finding that they could not get the wily Jesuit to admit openly that he had been privy to the plot, the Commissioners had recourse to a very dishonourable method of obtaining information. Hall and Garnet were placed in adjoining cells, and were told by their keeper that they could converse with one another through a door. Both readily availed themselves of the opportunity, and talked of the trouble into which they had fallen through their zeal for the cause of the Roman Church. Neither, however, was aware that certain listeners had been posted in positions where they could overhear all that was said, and that the fragments of conversation which these worthies selected would afterwards be made use of to convict the unsuspecting priests.

Hall was tried separately, and was found guilty of assisting his superior, Garnet, an act which he was bound to do in virtue of his vow of obedience. He was sentenced to die the death of a traitor, which he did on the 7th of April, 1606, in company with Mr. Abingdon.

Garnet was tried by a special commission, and the proceedings were carefully watched by King James, who was present in the Court from the opening of the case till sentence was pronounced. The main charge against the Jesuit was that of high treason, and of complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. He pleaded "Not Guilty," and the Attorney-General proceeded to outline the case. The speech which Sir Edward Coke made is remarkable more for its historical allusions than for its direct bearing on charges brought against the prisoner. Sir Edward entered into every little case of treason which had arisen since Garnet had come to England, and declared that all of them were due to the influence of the Jesuits. He does not appear to have brought forward any proof that what he said was true, but relied solely on his eloquence.

No direct evidence was brought against the accused, with the exception of the testimony of the two men who overheard the conversations with Hall, and then the notes which had been made of Garnet's private examinations were put in. From these it was apparent that the priest had contradicted himself on several occasions, and that he had not scrupled to tell lies when it suited his purpose to do so.

As soon as the papers were read, Garnet was called on to defend himself. He pointed out the discrepancies which existed in his evidence before the Council, and entered into a long discussion concerning the doctrine of equivocation. His main point was that no man is bound to condemn himself, and that therefore he was perfectly justified in saying what he thought fit to save himself. The Attorney-General briefly replied, asking the jury to find Garnet guilty. A quarter of an hour was sufficient for the twelve good men and true to make up their minds, and Garnet was adjudged guilty of high treason. With evident pleasure the Lord Chief Justice sentenced him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Though the Government had obtained the verdict they desired, they were not at all in a hurry to execute the sentence. There has been much conjecture as to the reason why the ordinary course of the law was not followed in his case, but it is probable that inasmuch as he was examined daily, although condemned, up to the very morning of his execution, there was some hope entertained by the Ministers of implicating more Catholics in the plot. If this was so, they were disappointed, for the Superior of the English Jesuits adhered in the main to the story which he had told to the jury at his trial, and flatly refused to say anything about his relations with other people.

On the 3rd of May, Garnet was drawn from his prison on a hurdle to St. Paul's Churchyard, where he was to suffer. He was attended by the Dean of the Cathedral, and by many other notable ecclesiastics, who argued with him even at the foot of the gallows, but he refused to be tempted from his adherence to the See of Rome. He was then executed with the same barbarity that marked the fate of the chief traitors.

Attempted Murder of M. Boisnard near Langres, France.

A Terrible and Just Retribution.

"Nor is there any law more just, than that he who has plotted death shall perish by his own plot."
—OVID, "Ars Amatoria."

IT is now some ten or a dozen years ago that I had occasion to visit the districts of Burgundy and Champagne. Leaving Paris for the land of the grape, I spent a week in the first-named, wandering for pleasure and business through the vineyards of the Côte d'Or, and then, wishing to view the delightful country of the Upper Marne, decided to proceed part of the journey by road and part by rail to my second destination, Reims, Epernay, and the glorious country of the sparkling champagne.

From Dijon by train I duly arrived at the quaint old town of Langres, where I put up for the night, and arranged to be driven thence on the following morning to Chaumont, about thirty miles distant, as I heard that the country through which I should pass was charming. Nor was I in the least disappointed. I will not describe here its beauties, it would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say the scenery was exceedingly beautiful, and the bright autumnal morning all that could be desired. To make the ride more enjoyable I had for my coachman an old native of Langres, who had lived in the town just upon three score years, and who was acquainted with every landmark, every object of interest on the road, and every story of the neighbourhood worth reciting.

We were driving in one of the old-fashioned French hooded phaetons, which run along so easily, whilst you catch the breeze and are sheltered from the powerful rays of the sun—at that time of year very powerful. So full of anecdote was my companion that the time passed very pleasantly and quickly, whilst the information I was obtaining was as valuable to a journalist as it was entertaining to the ordinary traveller. One of the stories he related made such an impression upon me that I shall never forget it, and will now write it for the first time. I may add that, although I did not for a moment doubt the truth of my narrator's statements, I subsequently verified all the circumstances connected with what I consider one of the most extraordinary attempted murders, carrying with it a terrible punishment, meted out by the hand of Providence, that can be found in the annals of crime throughout the universe.

We had driven about ten or twelve miles out of Langres when my coachman pointed with his whip to a tumble-down old structure on the roadside, that might have been a farmhouse, an inn, or even a private residence. It had evidently not been occupied for many a long year, for the roof was dismantled and the walls were crumbling.

"You see that old ruin?" asked my companion. "Well, that was once an inn known as the 'Lion d'Or.' It was last kept by a man named Savard, and has not been occupied for just upon seventy years. A terrible tragedy was enacted there, and even if anybody had found nerve enough to take it, I am sure no traveller would have ever put up at the hostelry. I'll tell you the story."

He then proceeded to narrate the following, which I will endeavour to remember in his own words as near as I can after the lapse of so long a time, and I think my readers will agree with me that it would make a most sensational act for one of the transpontine melodramas.

Late one night in the autumn of 1822, a wine grower named Pierre Boisnard, who had been to Langres for the purpose of effecting some sales, had been dining not wisely but too well, and had set out to walk to a small village near the town where he was on a temporary visit to some friends. He was a stranger in this part of the country, and had evidently missed his way, for he was certainly going in the opposite direction to his right destination, for he found himself in the midst of that copse yonder. Now, it must be remembered that seventy years ago the country was in a very unprotected state, and robbery and murder were by no means infrequent.

As Boisnard was endeavouring to regain the main road he heard the breaking of the underwood and the sound of footsteps. Half in fear, half in hope that he would meet a friend who would direct him, he challenged the comer.

"Halloa! Monsieur; où est la route de Langres?" he shouted more roughly than politely.

There was no answer for a moment, until a rough-looking fellow made his appearance, and M. Boisnard could see at a glance in the semi-darkness that he had found no friend, for the fellow deliberately held a pistol at him and demanded all that he possessed, when, bowing politely, he declared that he would, after it had been handed over, conduct him to the main road to Langres.

Boisnard, who was no coward, and being perfectly sober by this time, had his wits about him, and the bulk of his money in his boots, swore that all he possessed was twelve francs, which sum he would willingly give to be shown the way on his road. At the same time he submitted himself to be searched.

With a grunt the fellow took the twelve francs and

Deliberately held a pistol at him.

directed him down by a path through the copse, traversing which brought him on to the very road we were travelling, and in sight of that very house the ruins of which still remained. It was a low-class inn then, and but seldom frequented, for until fifty years ago this was a very lonely part

of the country. Seeing lights in the lower windows, he knocked at the door and asked the woman who opened it to him if he could be accommodated with a bed for the night.

She was exceedingly sorry, but some travellers were in the house, and all the rooms were occupied, but if he would be content to sleep upon some sweet hay in the loft adjoining, he might do so, since he had lost his way and it was so late. This accommodation he gladly accepted, and after a good stiff glass of brandy to settle his nerves, he mounted the steps to the loft, glad to be able to rest anywhere.

But M. Boisnard had done a very silly thing. He had related his adventure to the good lady of the house, telling her how he had outwitted the robber, and how cleverly he had saved a considerable amount of gold which was still safe and sound in his boots, vowing that madame should have a piece for her kindness, and that she should be handsomely paid for a vehicle to drive him to Langres in the morning.

And so Boisnard, happy, and chuckling to himself, lay down upon the hay to sleep. Just as he was dosing off, however, he heard voices whispering below, and having left the door of the loft open, could now and then catch the conversation. To his horror, he heard a man's voice which he immediately recognised recounting the adventure in which he had played so prominent a part an hour or so ago, cursing his luck at having been out half the night without getting more than a paltry twelve francs.

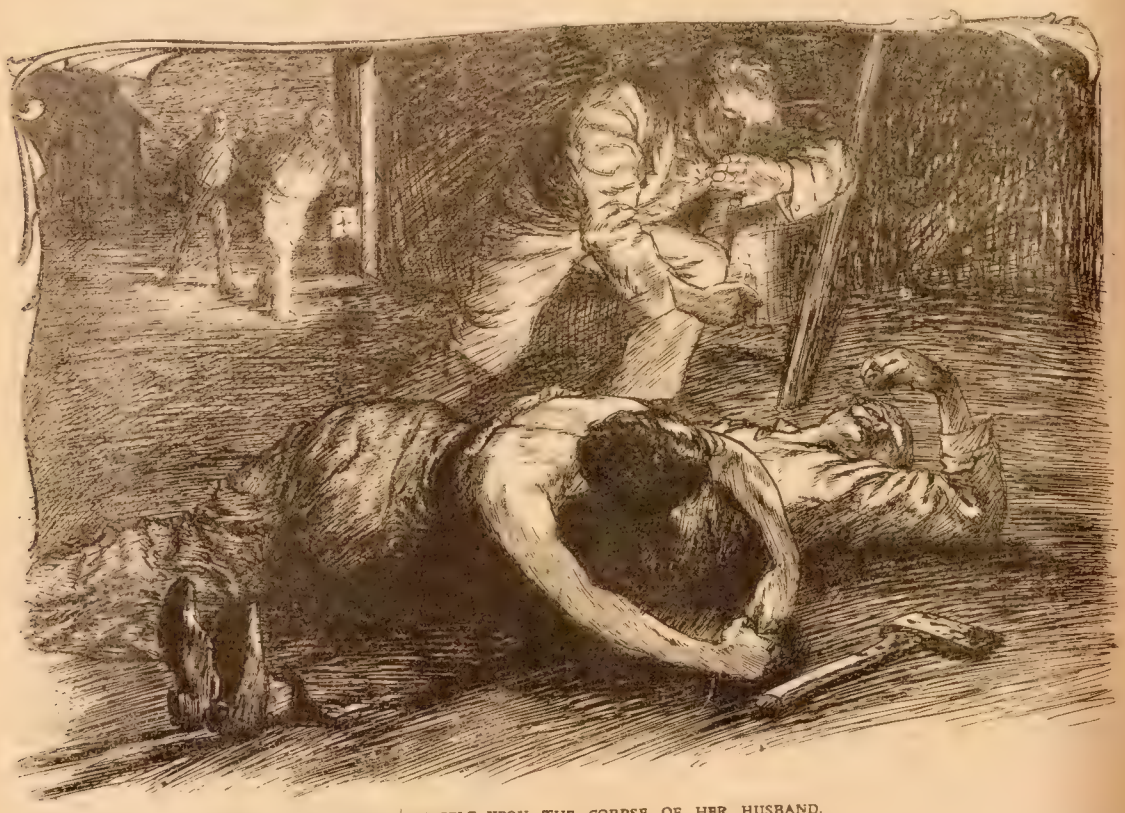
Then Boisnard, holding his breath, and with his ear at an aperture in the side of the loft, heard the woman, in subdued but excited tones, tell him that the very man was on the premises, and was fast asleep in the loft. Then he heard a hurried conversation, but could only catch a word here and there. At last, in louder tones, as they moved from the barn, he heard the woman say, "No, not yet; in an hour's time. You do your part of the work well, never fear about me, I'll stand below with the axe!"

"My God!" said Boisnard, now trembling, in spite of his strong nerve, "they contemplate murdering me! I see it all. The fellow is to pitch me down the stairs and the woman is to strike me with the axe. Nous verrons!"

It was anything but a comfortable hour M. Boisnard spent in that loft, and few men would have had pluck enough to have waited the course of events. But he thought, and rightly, that if he attempted to escape, not knowing the district, he would be pursued and killed, so he thought of a better way of managing affairs. Piling up the hay into a long mound, he threw his coat over it, causing it to look by no means unlike a recumbent figure, then took up his position near the door to which the ladder was connected.

Even the brave Boisnard felt a trifle nervous as he heard the approach of footsteps and the woman's voice below saying, "Now, let it be done quickly. It depends upon you. My part of the work is sure."

Then the steps of the ladder creaked and the figure of a man appeared in the loft. Thank goodness he was without his coat and had white shirt sleeves, for the woman had seen Boisnard take his coat off when she conducted him to his sleeping place. Pausing for an instant, the winegrower, a fine, muscular man, caught his would-be murderer, and at the same time shouted, "What do you want? Help! help! murder!" And then, with a desperate effort, threw his man with fearful violence down the steps.



THREW HERSELF UPON THE CORPSE OF HER HUSBAND.

The last chapter of the story scarcely needs describing. Directly the fellow came with a thud to the floor beneath, the woman, true to her word, did her work only too well, for she buried the sharp axe in the skull of her husband, whilst Boisnard shouted at the top of his voice, "Help! help! murder!"

The woman, realising what she had done, was electrified, and threw herself upon the corpse of her husband.

She made no attempt to escape or to deny the crime. Within two months she mounted the guillotine, and since then there has never been a tenant of the Lion d'Or.

It Was the Jury's Duty

An Irishman being about to be tried for stealing a horse, was asked, as usual:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

To which Pat replied: "Ah, sure, now, isn't it the jury that's put in that box for to find that out?"

JOHN BEALE.

BEING an account of the brutal murder of a young girl in a romantic and beautiful valley situated near Clifton in 1857.

"Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long!"

SHAKESPEARE.
"King Richard III." Act I.

BRUTAL crimes have been committed in some of the most lovely and romantic spots on the face of the earth—places where, as the old hymn says, "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Thomas Hood makes Eugene Aram, in the powerful poem named after that malefactor, talk of secret murders committed in dark caves and secluded woods, but just as many and just as terrible crimes have been perpetrated in the open, smiling valley, the rolling plain, or the shady, green hillside—spots looking so peaceful and innocent that it seems well-nigh impossible to imagine them the scene of some frightful tragedy or crime. But murder has never been confined to the crowded city, the busy town, or the filthy, neglected slum. No; it has haunted, just as grimly, the smiling country-side and the green field, the pleasant coppice, and the quiet, shady dell. At Rottingdean, near Brighton, is a lovely spot—typical of rural England—which is known locally as "The Hole in the Wall." How many of those who picnic in the summer months beneath its spreading trees could realise that this was the scene of a dreadful crime in the year 1832, and that just beneath one particular tree was unearthed the dead and mutilated body of a woman. Unfortunate victim of a fiendish husband! Little did you dream when he took you for that ramble through those lovely lanes that his object was to slay you and to bury your remains beneath the tree under whose branches you both—perchance—took shelter from the sun. Near the old town of Winchester is a very delightful village called Fordingbridge, and a mile from the latter place is a hamlet called Midgham. I have been shown a green and leafy lane at this place—it crosses Midgham Moor—in which, some forty years ago, a young girl named Anne Hall was barbarously done to death by a lustful beast named Gilbert, who encountered her one Sunday on her way to church, and who killed this inoffensive girl for no purpose or motive other than the gratification of his own atrocious passions. This place is prettily peaceful and picturesque; yet over all broods the memory of a frightful crime. Thus is nature defiled by the evil deeds of men, even though the red blood has sunk into the verdant soil a century ago, and the deed is quite forgotten. Still, in viewing these peaceful scenes of past crimes, the words of the poet are involuntarily recalled:

"O'er all there hung a sentiment of fear.
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted—
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear:
The place is haunted!"

Some eighteen months back, theatrical business called me to the town of Bristol, and, of course, during my stay in that populous and prosperous town, I took occasion to inspect Clifton, its beautiful and patrician neighbour. Clifton is one of the show places of England, and rightly so. The view from its magnificent Suspension Bridge—a marvellous effort of engineering—is unequalled in this country, and the scenery all around is little less than perfect. Exactly opposite the village of Clifton—the silvery Avon flows serenely between on its way to freedom in the Bristol Channel—there are some wild and romantic forest lands called Leigh Woods. They were, and are, extremely beautiful, and are the resort of all the pleasure-seekers of Bristol and Clifton. There is a lovely dell there called Nightingale Valley—one of the most beautiful spots in a beautiful neighbourhood—and this delightful spot was once the scene of an atrocious murder. Its circumstances are almost totally forgotten even by the old inhabitants of this district; but they created much interest at the time, and on the site being pointed out to me and the crime recalled to mind, I determined to learn what I could of its particulars, and to ascertain what sort of a deed it was which had, so many years before, marred the beauty of the place and sullied its charms.

With this object in view we must go back to the year 1857, when Clifton was less populous, though as popular, than it is now, and when Leigh Woods were even more lovely and secluded than at the present time. On the afternoon of Thursday, the 10th of September, 1857, a frightful discovery was made in Nightingale Valley, and I shall proceed to indicate the exact spot. On the top of the hill which overlooked this particular valley was a rabbit warren, surrounded by trees and underwood, and for the protection of the game a keeper was kept, who had a cottage in a lonely place near the warren. The gamekeeper—at that time a man named Worth—was in the habit of walking over this place daily, and often twice a day, for game was plentiful and poachers no more rare.

On the morning of September 10, Worth went his rounds, examining, as was his custom, every part closely for springes and snares, but noticed nothing at all suspicious or unusual. He was engaged about his cottage for the rest of the morning and the early part of the afternoon, and so it happened that he did not pass that way again until about half-past five in the evening. It was drawing towards the close of a lovely autumn day—the leaves had hardly yet begun to fall—and as Worth paced along, he could not but notice the beauty of the scenery spread out before him beneath the setting September sun. As he was looking about, something caught his eye, trained to habitual keenness, and going to the spot where this something lay, he found it to be a handkerchief, apparently saturated with blood. His curiosity aroused, he began to cast his eyes still more carefully about him, and he soon observed a pool of blood on the top of a precipice overlooking Nightingale Valley, partly covered over with mould.

He looked over the precipice, and about twelve feet below, in a kind of natural vault, he saw what appeared to him to be a woman.

He at once descended the hill, and then he found it was indeed the body of a woman, completely laid out, the various articles of clothing being in perfect order, although the body had no shawl or bonnet on or near it. He examined the remains as well as he could, and saw that they were those of a rather fine, well-made young woman, whom, however, he had never seen before in that neighbourhood, and whom, therefore, he was quite unable to identify.

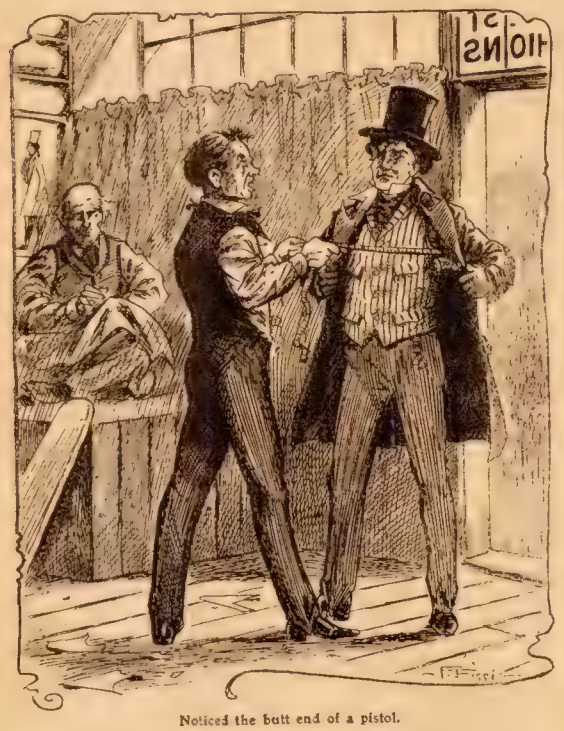
She was quite dead.

Worth instantly went to Clifton and brought back with him a constable named Jones, who made a fuller examination of the remains, and it was then found that the throat was cut, and that there was a hole in the temple. It was evident that a particularly brutal murder had been committed, and the report of the discovery becoming public, great excitement ensued in the district, and the spot where the body was found was visited by hundreds of curious sightseers. In the meanwhile, Worth and Jones had carried the body to the New Inn at Rounham Ferry, and means were taken to ascertain who the murdered woman was. This was not easy, as the face and head were much disfigured, and though many persons came forward to try to identify the remains, none were able to throw any light upon the matter. On Monday, the 14th of September, an inquest was held, and at that time the clothes were removed from the body. It was that of a strong, healthy young woman about twenty-eight years old. The handkerchief and the clothes worn by the deceased were carefully examined, and the letters "C.P." were found marked upon them; but this did not enlighten matters at the time, and the identity of the poor woman remained unrevealed.

The next step was a post-mortem examination of the remains, and then the cause of death was ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt or question, for a bullet was found

embedded in the skull, and the throat had also been cut by some sharp instrument. It was noticed that the teeth were very peculiar, and at least they might be expected to lead to identification. They had been stopped in a particular manner, easily recognisable, and the surgeon who conducted the post-mortem therefore took out the jaw. He had no doubt that the poor girl had been murdered, and he gave it as his opinion that she had first been shot, and had then had her throat cut—probably the murderer was not quite satisfied that the pistol shot would have a fatal effect. The question then arose as to who she was, viz., identification.

At a place called Freshford, near Bath, there resided a Mr. Brythesea, a rather wealthy gentleman, who maintained a big establishment and employed a good many servants. Amongst these had been a female named Charlotte Pugsley, who had left Freshford on the 9th of September with a certain man, and of whom nothing had been heard or seen since. Her fellow-servants in due course heard of the Leigh Woods' discovery, and when they read in the



Noticed the butt end of a pistol.

public prints of the time of the initial letters found marked upon her clothing, they began to wonder if the dead woman could be their friend and fellow-domestic, Charlotte Pugsley, who had been employed as cook by Mr. Brythesea. Three of them came over from Freshford to the inn where the body was still lying, and they were shown the clothing found on the latter, which they at once identified as belonging to Charlotte Pugsley. Subsequently, they identified the body; and this part of the mystery was solved. Now, as to the murderer. Here, again, the police were hopeful of getting on the right track before very long.

The last that had been seen of poor Charlotte at Freshford, it appeared, was on Wednesday, the 9th of September. She had informed her fellow-servants that morning that she was going to be married, and they at once understood her to mean to a man named John Beale, of whom and his affection for her she had often spoken. This John Beale was a decently-educated, fairly steady man of about thirty years old, with a not unattractive exterior, and manners calculated to rather impress the unwary. Charlotte left her service in company with this man on September 9, and it may be as well to explain here her relations with the latter.

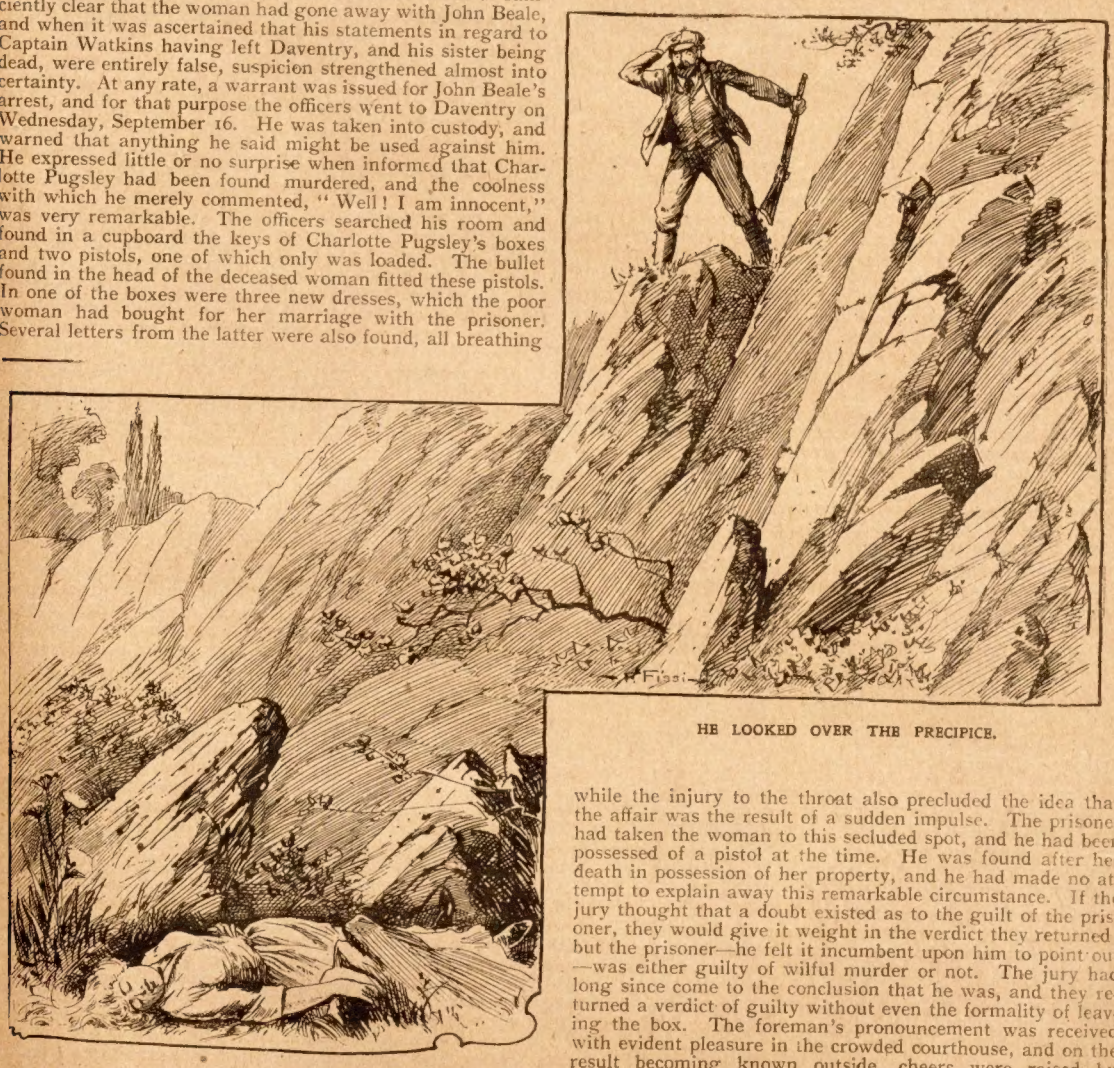
John Beale had formerly lived at Long Ashton, in the neighbourhood of Leigh Woods, but latterly he had been in the employ of a certain Captain Watkins, who resided at Daventry. He had courted the deceased woman for some time, and the courtship lasted after he had removed to Daventry, although, as a matter of fact, Beale was a married man, and had a wife living near at hand. It appeared that on Sunday, September 6, John Beale went to his master, Captain Watkins, and asked for and obtained leave to absent himself from his duties for a week. He gave as his reasons for requiring a week's holiday that his father was a builder at Bath, and had fallen from a scaffold and broken his thighs; that his sister had been so frightened and distressed by this accident that she had died, and he wished therefore to go and see his injured parent at Bath. Captain Watkins believed this legend—for such in truth it was—and Beale left Daventry, as explained, on the Sunday before the discovery in Leigh Woods. Instead of going to Bath, the deceptive Beale must have gone on to Bristol, for on the Monday he called at a shop in the latter town, kept by a tailor named Applin, and he there ordered a coat to be made for him. Applin took his measurements, and, while so employed, the tailor noticed the butt end of a pistol sticking out of his breast-pocket; but he made no comment, and Beale merely said that he was going to Bath. Between three and four o'clock on Wednesday, September 9, he went to Mr. Brythesea's, at Freshford, and was asked below to the servants' regions. In conversation he informed the latter that his master, Captain Watkins, had discharged all his servants and gone to India, and that, according to arrangements previously made, he had come to fetch Charlotte Pugsley, to take her to Southampton. There they were to be married, and immediately after the ceremony they were to go to America. He assisted in the cording of three boxes belonging to his inamorata, who seemed quite willing to trust him with herself, her belongings, and her future, and these boxes he labelled in his own name, "Beale, Bristol." He was asked by the housekeeper why he was going to Bristol if Southampton was really his destination, and he replied that he had some business there.

The two—Charlotte and Beale—then left Mr. Brythesea's together. The butler accompanied them to the Freshford railway station, but finding the train did not stop there, they walked to Limpley Stoke Station, the butler carrying Charlotte's shawl and carpet-bag. The latter and Beale entered the train, bidding the friendly butler good-bye, and the luggage followed in a later train. The man and a woman resembling Charlotte Pugsley were seen at the station at Bristol waiting the arrival of the 9.40 train, and the former was charged 3s. 10d. extra for the luggage, which he refused to pay, and so the boxes were left on the station till the next morning. Then he paid the extra charge, and had the boxes removed to the left luggage office of the Midland Station at Bristol, as he now explained that he was going to Liverpool. He took tickets for this luggage, rejoined the woman, and they both went away, this being on the morning of the murder. In the course of that same day, he and a woman were seen going in the direction of Rounham Ferry, which was no great distance from the wild spot where her body was discovered that evening. Important evidence was now forthcoming which showed that this woman and John Beale were in the neighbourhood of the scene of the actual murder about half an hour before Worth discovered the body. A man named Handcock declared that at five o'clock he saw the deceased standing at the foot of the hill leading to the warren, and a man was close behind her. He could swear to it being the same woman as was afterwards found murdered, for at first sight he thought it was his own sweetheart, and he went and looked particularly at her. The man, who was some four or five paces behind her, was unknown to him, but he was a medium-sized man, dressed in dark clothes, and this description might easily have been applied to John Beale. On the top of the hill, close to the scene of the murder, this same man and woman were seen by an artisan named Jackson, about ten minutes past five. They were then walking together in apparently a most affectionate and peaceful manner, for he noticed that the man's arm was round her waist, and her head was on his shoulder.

There we must leave them, for the woman was not again seen alive, and the man's movements for the rest of that day are unknown. He was seen again the next day, however, when he turned up at Applin's shop to fetch away the coat he had ordered, and he remarked to the tailor that he had been having a glorious spree at Bath. He seemed in a particularly lively and cheerful mood, and went away in the best of spirits. How he spent the rest of Friday is not material to this chronicle; but on the Saturday morning he went to the Midland Station at Bristol and removed the three boxes belonging to Charlotte Pugsley which he had deposited in the left luggage office. On the evening of that day he returned to Daventry, and brought with him these three boxes. He was still in very cheerful mood, and he joked and laughed

with his fellow-servants in a not very decorous manner, if it was true—as he stated—that he had just buried his sister. He said that he had maintained her for a long time, but now she was dead and no more a burden to him, and that he had brought away all her clothes, which were in the boxes. He began to make little presents of female clothing, and on the Monday morning following his return, he gave the wife of a shoemaker in the village a silk dress and other articles, all of which were afterwards identified as having belonged to Charlotte Pugsley. He told the shoemaker's wife that they had belonged to his sister; but, meanwhile, the body of the unfortunate woman had been discovered and identified, and suspicion against him was aroused.

The evidence of the servants at Freshford made it sufficiently clear that the woman had gone away with John Beale, and when it was ascertained that his statements in regard to Captain Watkins having left Daventry, and his sister being dead, were entirely false, suspicion strengthened almost into certainty. At any rate, a warrant was issued for John Beale's arrest, and for that purpose the officers went to Daventry on Wednesday, September 16. He was taken into custody, and warned that anything he said might be used against him. He expressed little or no surprise when informed that Charlotte Pugsley had been found murdered, and the coolness with which he merely commented, "Well! I am innocent," was very remarkable. The officers searched his room and found in a cupboard the keys of Charlotte Pugsley's boxes and two pistols, one of which only was loaded. The bullet found in the head of the deceased woman fitted these pistols. In one of the boxes were three new dresses, which the poor woman had bought for her marriage with the prisoner. Several letters from the latter were also found, all breathing an undying affection, and it was clear that he had thoroughly deceived the unfortunate woman, on whose murder he had decided when he left Daventry and went to Freshford with the specious tale which deluded her from her service.



HE LOOKED OVER THE PRECIPICE.

John Beale was duly tried for the murder of Charlotte Pugsley at Taunton, on the 22nd of December, 1857. Mr. Justice Willes presided, and very great interest was manifested in the proceedings. The brutal, callous nature of the crime, the romantic spot in which it was consummated, the deceit which the prisoner had practised, and the apparent lack of motive for his whole conduct, all combined to make the case one of great interest to the student of criminology. The facts which I have set forth were proved step by step in the evidence; but neither in the course of the trial, nor in the defence of the prisoner—who stoutly maintained his innocence—did the slightest suggestion arise as to the motive for the deed, which, unexplained, seemed to be one of causeless and treacherous murder, certain of ultimate detection. The counsel for the prisoner did not deny his guilt, although Beale himself did so. He requested the jury to return a verdict of manslaughter only, inasmuch as the affair might have been an accident, or merely the result of a sudden quarrel, and he pointed out that there was no real proof of premeditation. But the judge not unnaturally swept these sophistries aside in his able summing-up of the case. He pointed out to the jury that the fact that the prisoner had first shot the poor creature, and then cut her throat, rendered utterly futile the plea that an accident might have happened, while the injury to the throat also precluded the idea that the affair was the result of a sudden impulse. The prisoner had taken the woman to this secluded spot, and he had been possessed of a pistol at the time. He was found after her death in possession of her property, and he had made no attempt to explain away this remarkable circumstance. If the jury thought that a doubt existed as to the guilt of the prisoner, they would give it weight in the verdict they returned; but the prisoner—he felt it incumbent upon him to point out—was either guilty of wilful murder or not. The jury had long since come to the conclusion that he was, and they returned a verdict of guilty without even the formality of leaving the box. The foreman's pronouncement was received with evident pleasure in the crowded courthouse, and on the result becoming known outside, cheers were raised by a large concourse of people gathered outside the precincts. The judge proceeded to sentence the prisoner, pointing out the enormity of his guilt, and holding out no hope of mercy for such a murderer at the hands of man. The prisoner did not appear in the least disconcerted at this solemn stage of the proceedings; on the contrary, he stared about him during the judge's exhortation, and smiled distinctly at someone in the court. No one present could entertain the slightest doubt as to his guilt; but the exact method of the murder, why it was planned, and the motive, were never explained. They could only be made clear by a statement from the prisoner himself, and this he studiously avoided giving. After his condemnation, he was visited by the chaplain of the gaol, who impressed upon him the impossibility of his making his peace with his Creator unless he confessed his crime and explained what had prompted him to such a deed. Beale listened attentively to the entreaties of the clergyman, but whether from natural obstinacy or from some mistaken

notion that in the absence of confession he might yet be reprieved, it is certain that he could not be prevailed upon to make a clean breast of the affair. Later, when the inevitability of his fate began to impress itself upon him, he allowed himself to drop certain hints which were certainly not calculated to impress his auditors with a sense of his innocence. He did not, to the end, distinctly confess his guilt, but he made certain revelations, and was once heard to mutter that "the poor woman was dreadfully in the way." In all probability those few words, grudgingly spoken, reveal the real motive of the murderer. He had deceived and deluded Charlotte Pugsley to the top of his bent, and had promised her marriage many times. She had no idea that he was already a married man, and it is conceivable that she herself precipitated her dreadful fate by urging the prisoner to redeem the promise he had made, and to marry her. This the prisoner, a callous scoundrel, was neither able nor willing to do. He had enjoyed the clandestine courting he had been engaged on so long—he had, it is supposed, seduced the unfortunate object of his arts and trickeries—but marriage was an impossibility which he could not contemplate. He had grown tired of the woman and her importunities, and he made up his mind to rid himself of her and them once and for all. The opportunity soon presented itself, and Charlotte Pugsley died at the hands of the scoundrel who had won her love, and by whom she had been so cruelly deceived. This possibly sufficiently explains what still remains obscure of the murder in Leigh Woods.

John Beale was hanged at Taunton early in the new year. He made no further confession, and he went to the gallows apparently an unconcerned man. He died with seeming calmness and courage, but whether he had truly repented the fearful crime which innate savagery and callousness had enabled him to devise and execute so coolly, is another and a very fearful question.

The nightingale can still be heard in the beautiful valley on the Avon to which the bird has given its name. Leigh Woods are still the resort of many in the summer, when the trees are in full bloom and the green grass of the meadows is soft and pleasant to the eye and the tread. The silvery river still winds its way with softened murmur through the verdant plains, and there is peace and calmness and seclusion here for those who do not know of the tragedy enacted amidst all these charms. But to one who does—well! there is something in the soft murmur of the breeze, the note of the birds, and the rustling of the river—

> "Which says, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted!"

And as a Warning to Others.

A MAN was brought up for trial before Justice Burnet for stealing a horse, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to death. When asked, before sentence was passed, what he had to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he answered, "I think, my lord, that it is very hard that I should be hanged for only stealing a horse." Whereupon the judge replied, "Man, thou art not to be hanged only for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen."

At that time this was thought by many to be a wise reason for all penal statutes. The man's answer, if reasonably and dispassionately examined, was a good one, as it was founded on the eternal principal of justice and equity, that punishments should be proportioned to offences; and therefore the judge's answer was both brutal and unreasonable.

He "Had Read It in the Newspapers."

A CASE was tried at Gloucester Assizes in the year 1853, in which the plaintiff laid claim to some large estates, and in support of this claim produced deeds, documents and seals, of which he gave a very plausible account, from which it was assumed that he had become possessed of them through his relationship to the family who at one time owned the estates to which he was now laying claim. During the cross-examination of the plaintiff by Sir F. Thesiger, a telegram reached counsel from an engraver in London, who said that a certain brooch and seal produced by the plaintiff and said by him to be part of the family arms, which he had got fifty years before, had been made to order very shortly before the trial. When asked how he had become possessed of the knowledge that the action was being tried, the engraver said he "had read an account of the trial in the newspapers." Sir F. Thesiger with this knowledge, quickly shattered the fabric of forgery and falsehood. The plaintiff was immediately arrested and charged with forgery, and after trial was convicted and transported.

Criminal Problems

HOME RULE FOR PRISONS.

IT is generally the method with all would-be reformers to ignore the existing state of affairs entirely, and merely to propose that their suggestions should be adopted, without showing where the present scheme fails, and without considering where their own system may be faulty. Not wishing, therefore, to incur the same charge of high-handedness and irresponsibility, let us first see in what the present prison system consists, what is its hierarchy, what its faults, before we attempt to build up another government for those who have fallen under the ban of the law.

Startling as it may appear, the supreme power over all our prisons is at present vested not in a man with wide experience of the criminal question, not in one who has served a lifetime in the study of that most abstruse of all problems, how to treat the evil-doer, not even in a committee of men who do know something about the offender and his ways, but in the Home Secretary—a man who may or may not have some knowledge of dealing with convicts, but who certainly is not selected for his high office on account of that knowledge, but rather because he is a good party man. He is essentially a Cabinet Minister, and his qualifications for directing one of the most important works in our national economy, the suppression of crime and the reformation of the criminal, are never taken into account for an instant when it is a question of making a fresh appointment. Yesterday he may have been Minister of War, to-morrow he may be Chancellor of the Exchequer—he is equally fitted for both positions—but to-day he is Home Secretary and supreme ruler over all our prisons. That he knows nothing about criminals, that he may never have seen a convict in the whole of his life matters little; it suits his political party to make him Secretary of State for Home Affairs, and the high position carries with it, presumably, omniscience as regards prisons and their government.

Beneath him he has the Commissioners of Prisons, a body of men who have some knowledge of their work, but whose hands are terribly tied by having above them a supreme ruler who is unfettered, save in one particular, which will later be specified, and who may, and often does not, know anything about prisons. Below the commissioners are the inspectors, a few gentlemen who have mostly been governors of gaols. Then come the governors of the respective gaols, the deputy-governors, chief warders and warders. Of this hierarchy only one has the power to make any rules, the Home Secretary, who may make, at his own sweet pleasure, laws for the guidance and governing of the prisons under his charge. He may frame any regulations he sees fit to, he may order any punishments with the exception of the cat and birch to be inflicted for breaches of prison rules, and as far as the corporal punishment is concerned his power is practically unfettered, for where the lower authorities recommend a little pain for an erring convict, they have to obtain the Home Secretary's sanction first.

The faults of this system are obvious. Those who have had experience in the matter of dealing with criminals have really no executive authority, they are merely channels through which the Home Secretary's orders are carried out. They cannot make any wise modification of the laws which special cases may demand, they cannot apply summary punishment when it may be most essential to do so. They cannot utilise the knowledge which they have acquired by a lifetime spent in the service of the State; but they have to submit to being ordered about, and often snubbed, by a man who has little real knowledge of the convict as a living creature.

When it may be advisable, to ensure the maintenance of discipline in a prison, for a refractory convict to be flogged, the punishment cannot be inflicted off-hand, bearing double effect because the penalty follows swiftly on the commission of the offence, but the governors have to lay the facts of the case before the Home Secretary, who was not on the spot, knows little about the thousand and one undercurrents which have to be considered in governing a prison, and knows

nothing of the culprit's individual character, and then have to wait for his reply before they can mete out the chastisement which is necessary.

Having as superior, in fact as well as in name, a man who has not any great experience, is certainly not good for those subordinate to him. We read much about the necessity for throwing open the commissioned ranks of the army and navy to the soldier or sailor who has entered the ranks, but it has occurred to nobody that our prison service might be all the better if the very highest post was held by one whose life-time has been spent in the study of the criminal and his reformation.

But the greatest fault of all is in the fact that, whereas at present the treatment of criminals is not thoroughly understood, and is but in an experimental stage, having one supreme head, one system for the whole country, hinders progress and necessitates that all our wrong-doers shall be treated alike, while it places the power of experimenting in the hands of one who is least fitted for the task.

What is wanted, then, is the decentralisation of prisons. Home Rule for prisons.

Each county has to pay for the maintenance of its own prisoners, let each county have, within certain limits, the right of striving to reform its erring members. There must, of course, be broad lines laid down by the law of the land for the guidance of the county authorities, to ensure humane treatment, but let the counties have a fairly free hand in the treatment of their convicts. The prison committee in each county should consist of men who have really made a study of criminology, and of men who have had practical experience in the prison service, and who know what is necessary and what can be abolished with safety.

We should thus have a series of experiments in the treatment of convicts going on side by side, and it should be possible to arrive at some rational system of punishment by comparing the results obtained by the various counties. The powers of the governors of gaols might with benefit be extended, always provided that the official showed himself really capable. It may be said that if the governors were given a freer hand, especially in the matter of punishment, our prisons would again become veritable hells. That need not be feared. After the publication of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" our prison system was altered, mainly by the restriction of the governor's powers, for the men then in charge of our prisons were totally unsuited for their tasks. Nowadays we have a fairly humane set of prison governors, and those who showed any tendency towards brutality could easily be removed.

The County Councils, having the charge of their own prisoners, and having considerable power to make rational experiments to discover the best régime for those suffering imprisonment, as well as having the benefit of advice from those who really have the reformation of the prisoner at heart, it might reasonably be hoped that after a time, by a process of eliminating what was bad and adopting what was good, some uniformly excellent prison code could be formed. Then it would be time enough to consolidate the prison service again, but not under one man. It should be ruled by a committee selected from the best and wisest men in the prison service, tempered by a few purely theoretical men, a committee composed of men who really know what they are talking about, who have experience, and who have a real taste for their work.

Then at last we should have attained the object which three Prison Acts have failed to achieve, namely, provided a rational reformatory method of punishment for our offenders. The Royal road to this end lies through Home Rule for prisons, subsequent experiment, and finally consolidation under a committee of experts.

A Profitable Loss.

THERE was a general opinion that Lord Kenyon's temper was a very bad one, and the following anecdote was circulated and believed, although the epigrammatic point and the rudeness which it imputes to George III. were equally at variance with the character of that monarch: "Lord Kenyon being at the levee soon after an extraordinary explosion of ill-humour in the Court of King's Bench, his Majesty said to him:

"'My Lord Chief Justice, I hear that you have lost your temper, and from my great regard for you I am very glad to hear it, for I hope you will find a better one.'"

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Justice and Mercy.

A YOUNG gentleman of family and fortune, but of abandoned principles, having long distinguished himself in the reign of Charles II. by highway robbery and other desperate acts against society, was several time apprehended, and sometimes convicted, but, through the interest of his friends, had always been pardoned.

At last he was arrested for murder, tried and condemned. Many of the nobility interceded in his favour, but to no effect; the King was inexorable. He had the pen in his hand to sign the order for his execution, when one of the nobility threw a copy of a pardon on the table before him. The Duchess of Portsmouth, his chief favourite, standing at his right shoulder, took his hand gently within her own, and, conducting it to the paper which had the pardon written on it, guided his hand while he subscribed his name, the King not making the least resistance. Shaking his head, and smiling, he threw the pardon to the nobleman who had interposed in the young man's behalf, adding, "Take care you keep the young rascal out of my reach for the future!"

When this pardon was shown to Lord Chancellor Hyde, observing how badly the King's name was written, he wittily remarked:

"When his Majesty signed this pardon Justice was fighting with Mercy."

Galvanic Experiments on the Body of a Murderer.

AMONG the many experiments which have at one time or another been made with the galvanic battery, very few have been more singular in their effects than those which were produced by Dr. Ure, in Glasgow, on the body of a man named Clydesdale, who had been executed for murder. These effects were produced by a voltaic battery of 270 pair of four-inch plates, of which the results were terrible.

In the first experiment, on moving the rod from the thigh to the heel, the leg was thrown forward with such violence as nearly to overturn one of the assistants. In the second experiment, the rod was applied to the phrenic nerve in the neck, when laborious breathing commenced; the chest heaved and fell; the abdomen was protruded and relapsed with the relaxing and retiring of the diaphragm; and it was thought that nothing but the loss of blood prevented pulsation from being restored. In the third experiment the supra-orbital nerve was touched, when the muscles of the face were thrown into frightful actions and contortions. The scene was appalling; many spectators left the room, and one gentleman fainted, either from terror or from the momentary sickness which the scene occasioned.

In the fourth experiment, from meeting the electric power from the spinal marrow to the elbow, the fingers were put in motion, and the arm was agitated in such a manner that it seemed to point to some spectators, who were dreadfully terrified, from the apprehension that the body had actually come to life.

From these experiments Dr. Ure seemed to be of opinion that, had not incisions been made in the blood-vessels of the neck, and the spinal marrow been lacerated, the body of the criminal might have been restored to life.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

SACRILEGE.—The last notable murder of a high ecclesiastic occurred in 1857, when the Archbishop of Paris was assassinated by a scoundrel named Verger.

W. H. (Doncaster).—The Freeman you are thinking about was Sarah, who poisoned many persons at Shapwick in Dorsetshire in 1845. She paid the penalty of her crime at Devizes.

LOSTWITHIEL.—A bookmaker can be punished as a vagabond, by imprisonment, if the magistrate really so desires. It would be rather revolutionary, however, to enforce this penalty.

AFRAID.—The treadmill has now been entirely abolished in British prisons. The last was done away with a month ago. More reasonable labour is now given to those who have incurred a term of imprisonment.

LIGHTNING.—The first woman electrocuted in America was Mrs. Place, who strangled her stepdaughter. She suffered in March, 1899. Kemmler was the first person judicially slain by electricity.

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